

FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 11, 1972

TIME

ISSUES '72
McGOVERN'S
NEW ECONOMICS

Mark Spitz

**An Olympian Wave
of Records**

A Western-style illustration of a cowboy in a red shirt and brown vest riding a bucking horse. The cowboy holds a lasso. In the background, two more horses are visible against a warm, golden-yellow sky.

Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.



Marlboro Lights: 13 mg. "tar,"
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC report Apr. '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



1. ED REIMERS: Allstate believes air bags will save lives. So they bought 200 special fleet cars



2. with air bags. They're for Allstate people to drive and test.



3. This is one of the cars.



4. The air bag is designed to inflate, prevent injury, and deflate in half a second...



5. but only in a serious frontal crash, not a little bump. Look...at five miles per hour



6. the air bag doesn't inflate. The brain of the system is a sensing device that uses technology from the space program.



7. Now...a similarly equipped car heads into the wall



8. at seventeen miles an hour.



9. A speed which could cause injury.



10. Allstate's air bag-equipped cars will help demonstrate the reliability of this remarkable system.



11. Allstate says, let's use space-age technology to reduce auto injuries...



12. and save lives.

Do air bags really work? Ask the man who hit the wall in this TV commercial.

If you crashed into a wall like the man in this TV commercial, you'd believe in air bags, too.

Along with lap belts, we'd like to see air bags installed for front-seat occupants on all cars. The sooner, the better.

What's in it for us? Well, fewer highway deaths and injuries make a lot of sense to an insurance company.

But there's a lot in it for you, too. An air bag can protect you from serious injury in a crash. Maybe save your life some day.

And air bags in cars are expected to help hold down the cost of your auto insurance.

For a 30-minute film about air bags for your club or organization, write the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

Allstate®

Let's make driving a good thing.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

HAPPENINGS like the Summer Olympics attract minute-by-minute saturation news coverage. Chronic dangers like the Arab-Israeli confrontation surge and subside in the headlines over long periods. New developments in medical practice often go forward subliminally until they are accepted or rejected. TIME's aim in approaching these subjects, as in all the fields it covers, is first to give an orderly and analytical account of events and trends. Beyond that, whether the basic story is familiar or a new discovery, we consider it our regular task to search out fresh facts and perspectives.

This week's cover story on Mark Spitz, America's secret weapon for reversing the gold flow, goes well beyond his performance at the Olympic Games. Associate Editor Ray Kennedy obtained a rare interview with Spitz that provides glimpses of the athlete's personality and his recollection of a religious surfeit at the 1968 Olympics. Champions, it turns out, are highly resilient people.

The World section reports on Israel's secret offer of a Middle East settlement, including the Israelis' map-specific plan for the disposition of the conquered territories. The Nation examines the new "McGovernomics"—the revised program announced by George McGovern—and appraises the plan's politics and its math. Medicine discusses the "unofficial abortion," a procedure being used increasingly to avoid the legal complexities of regular abortions. Blanket weaving as serious art? Once the staple of the trading-post tourist trade, the best of Navajo blankets have gone on display in Los Angeles and receive a critical look in this week's Art section. As for fashions of a more modern weave, the Modern Living section's Shirley Righy took the measure of the new popularity of palazzo pants for a story on baggy trousers.

Why are saxophone players disgruntled? The Music section tells of a recent assembly of sax men in Toronto, how they feel unheard these days, and what they plan to do about it. In Behavior, Sociologist Vance Packard's newest book provides the basis for an unsettling look at the nomadic living habits of many Americans.

Show Business & TV profiles British Star Maker Gordon Mills, mentor, manager and name giver to Tom Jones, Engelbert Humperdinck and, most recently, Gilbert O'Sullivan. A more serious name game is being conducted in France, where an unusual set of laws encourages name changes for people whose surnames have unpleasant connotations. World's story tells how the system works. Science, meanwhile, reports on Air Force plans to develop a remote-controlled robot airplane that may one day fly actual combat missions.

As always, the news comes from every quarter, and the stories mentioned here represent only a sampling of TIME's watch on the world this week.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photograph by Rich Clarkson.

TIME is published weekly, \$14.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard A. McKewen, Treasurer; Charles B. Beier, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 100 No. 11, 1972. Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

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When you're buying a home, let the windows do the talking.



They can tell you a lot. The quality of the windows is a clue to the quality of everything in the house. They can tell you whether the house was built up to a standard or down to a price, whether it's value for money, whether it will be an easy, economical house to own.

All this from a window?

Yes, because windows have such a demanding job to do. Not only do they establish the beauty and style of the home, they have to let in the light, let in the air, keep out the weather, keep in the heat, and keep operating easily and efficiently, with minimum attention, year after year. If somebody's cut corners with the windows, it soon shows up.

Cut your losses.

As much as half the heat loss from a house can be through and around the windows and doors! Well made windows can cut this loss—in fact, Andersen Windows and Gliding Doors can reduce heat losses by 15% to 35% as compared to windows which just meet commercial standards. Over a year, that's a sizeable sum off your heating and cooling bills. (What's more, you'll be saving energy and helping conserve resources, and that's becoming important to us all.) Good

windows can really cut maintenance costs, too.

But how do you tell a good window?

A window that seals tightly, opens easily, won't stick and won't rattle is the result of great care and precision in manufacture. How can you tell a good window? There's an easy way: look for the name Andersen Windowalls... Andersen with an E.



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LETTERS

Sex and the Teen-Ager

Sir / Your story on teen-age sex [Aug. 21] is so comprehensive that I've shelved a teenage opus I've about half-finished writing. Your researchers and reporters have treated the subject so graphically, what the hell else is there to learn or prove?

LEWIS T. APPLE
St. Louis

Sir / For several years I have talked to students about the simple realities of sexual behavior in much the same way as you have done. Most of them have been able to understand and accept the importance of sex education but a few unthinking students and parents have always been threatened by the course content and managed to influence public school administrators to apply pressures to stop me. But I persist. Such articles as yours are a great help.

JAMES B. CLUD
Psychology Teacher
Corpus Christi, Texas

Sir / I admire the teen-agers for taking upon themselves the responsibility of making moral decisions. Whether they are morally right or wrong is indeed important. But one must recognize that they have learned how to think for themselves.

RICHARD C. HUNT
Greenville, S.C.

Sir / Did you ever hear of contributing to the delinquency of a minor? I charge you with this infraction of good morals.

WILLIAM A. P. MARTIN
Annapolis, Md.

Sir / You are exploiting the teen-ager and sex in general: you are making teen-age sex experimentation seem even more commonplace and acceptable than it already is.

MRS. J. JANE HAMRE
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir / The sad part is not only the sickening life-styles of these young Americans but also the fact that in 25 years they will be very lonely middle-aged men and women with no lasting relationships in life. The Brownings must be turning over in their graves.

CHRISTINE MEYER
Clarks Summit, Pa.

Sir / I am a 14-year-old girl, and I feel that for the most part the American teen-ager is being misrepresented as a drunken, heavy, oversexed person with Communistic ideas. What about printing something a little bit more in our favor?

ANNY WHALEN
St. Louis

Sir / If teen-age sex is so much fun, how come the two young people on your cover look so sad? Could it be because we've robbed them of their youth?

MARY ZUCCARINI
Medfield, Mass.

Sir / The picture of the poignant puppies on the cover says it better than does the story itself.

(THE REV.) JOHN J. DAHLHEIMER
Hollywood

Against Gun Control

Sir / "Another Misfire" [Aug. 21] again presents TIME's extreme viewpoint on the highly controversial issue of gun control. It does

not do credit to your usual careful reporting. Surely it is not unreasonable for you to admit the possibility that the National Rifle Association and Governor George Wallace, not to mention the United States Senate, are also thinking and acting in what they consider to be the best interests of the nation in the matter of firearms legislation.

JOHN C. SOUDERS, M.D.
Rock Island, Ill.

Sir / I am under 30, believe in the legalization of pot, and sat on the streets of Berkeley before the word hippie was invented. I do not like violence; I do not care for "Saturday Night Specials." But I cannot see myself unarmed and helpless while killers, rapists (my wife was raped) and thugs can get weapons as easily as I can get a Bible.

Until someone can come up with a constructive way of disarming the underworld as well as law-abiding citizens, I will continue to utilize my right to bear arms. And God help the fool who breaks into my home.

(THE REV.) KIRT R. HARMON
Oakland, Calif.

Sparring Partners

Sir / I was not a "long-suffering wife" [Aug. 28]. We were each other's life, love, sparring partners, feisty and indestructible—until death, etc.

MRS. OSCAR LEVANT
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Nixon and the Jews

Sir / As a Jew, I am dismayed and disgusted at the deflection of other Jews to Nixon's camp [Aug. 21].

Traditionally, Jews have valued economic and social justice. George McGovern entertains these values while Nixon is their archenemy.

The "new" Nixon is just the old Nixon but with more cunning.

Fellow Jews, please wake up.
JEROLD KODISH
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir / I am sick and tired of the media telling me how I'm going to vote this November. As an over-30, upper-middle-income, liberal Jew, I have never, nor will I ever, vote for R. Whitlow Nixon. For the first time in a long time I can vote for someone I believe in wholeheartedly: George McGovern.

JUDITH KESKY LEBOVITZ
Pittsburgh

Sir / Having been both Jewish and Republican all of my life, I am elated by the sudden surge of support for President Nixon manifested by voters of my faith. It is true that Israel's existence and safety remain paramount among my interests, but it is the rest of Nixon's outstanding accomplishments and programs that keep me a "true believer" in the Republican Party. I only hope that this is a permanent shift among my co-religionists and that they, as I did many years ago, are at last "seeing the light."

LAWRENCE J. TABAS
Wynewood, Pa.

Sir / As a Jew and an ex-Democrat, I resent Senator McGovern's telling me that because I have been a "traditional" Democrat, I will "come home again" and vote for him. I feel positions in Government and elsewhere should be won on the basis of merit, not quotas. I have been against quo-

When you put up a wall, who are you really shutting out?

A barrier makes prisoners of the people on both sides of it.

If it keeps someone else out, it also keeps you in.

And some of the most impenetrable walls in existence are built out of the most insubstantial things: words.

Words become rules and regulations, procedures and attitudes. And because words come easy, walls spring up far faster than they can be torn down.

A simple statement like "We don't want those people competing in our area" is the bricks and mortar of a wall.

This barrier can exist between two people or two departments or two nations. The result is always the same. It stops the flow of communications and ideas.

This is something we are very concerned about, because 3M

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The temptation to erect a wall is always strong. In the beginning, the idea behind it is that it will protect somebody from something and make him strong.

But in the end, it only makes him weak by making him dependent upon the wall.

Because a wall cannot prevent someone on the other side from having a good idea. And it will not protect an inferior product from a good one.

But the worst thing about a wall is that it takes away the incentive to work constructively with your neighbors. And this ultimately prevents you from getting the best possible products or services. We believe in people.

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LETTERS

tas for Jews in medical schools, government, banks, etc.; I am still against quotas. This year I vote Republican.

RUTH B. CRAIR
Agoura, Calif.

Predicting Solar Flares

Sir / Allow me to correct TIME's misinterpretation of my remarks about our ability to predict the outbreak of solar flares [Aug. 21]. It may be true that a sixth sense would be required to predict the precise moment of outburst of a solar explosion, just as such a sense would be needed to predict the exact path of destruction traced by a terrestrial tornado. Nevertheless, solar forecasters routinely identify times of high flare probability and issue flare alerts, quite analogous to tornado alerts. The accuracy of these forecasts has increased enormously over the past few years as new observational data from the ground and from spacecraft, combined with theoretical study, have improved our understanding of flares.

ROBERT W. NOYES
Harvard College Observatory
Cambridge, Mass.

Bayreuth's Director

Sir / TIME errs flagrantly in calling the Bayreuth Festival's new stage director Götz Friedrich "an honored member of the East German Communist Party" [Aug. 14]. East Germany has indeed honored him, with a *National Preis* and a professorship, but Friedrich at 42 remains a member of no party. Anyone who knows his work knows that he beats no political drum in his productions, in East Berlin or elsewhere.

Even before the house lights dimmed, Bayreuth's ineffable, big, rich premiere audience had mentally already turned Friedrich into a symbol of what they hate the

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LETTERS

most in the entire world. What he in fact did not provide on the stage they literally had to invent—to conform to their own preconceptions.

PAUL MOOR
West Berlin

Kenya's Kenyatta

Sir / As a former Peace Corps teacher in Kenya, I must protest your portrayal of President Jomo Kenyatta [July 31] as an "oppressive" black leader. This representation is inaccurate.

Open parliamentary debate, including criticism of government policy, is published daily in Kenya's free press, which is neither government-owned nor controlled.

Kenyatta's pragmatic approach to government and development has produced expansion impressive by any standards. The people reap the benefits of continuing economic growth through agricultural tourism and foreign investment. President Kenyatta represents enlightened leadership in Africa.

JOAN I. FORD
Mooresville, Ind.

Thompson's Ideas

Sir / Re the interview with William Irwin Thompson [Aug. 21]: it is heartening to read ideas instead of data for once. I agree with Thompson on consolidation if taken as synonymous with interiorization. In urban terms, for instance, the interiorization of the cityscape is therefore the spiritualization of the character of the miniaturization process (and, in the long run, mandatory). The Middle Ages are seen then as the age of center(middle)-local interiorized phenomena carrying on as bridges from matter into spirit, for matter becoming spirit—the consolidation of the soul of the earth.

PAUL O'NEILL
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir / The interview is probably one of the most significant articles you have ever done. Thompson's broad view of our planet and his emphasis on the long-neglected personal/emotional/spiritual side of life are both fundamental to any real concept of where we are and where we are going.

PHILIP B. BRADLEY
New York City

Sir / The interview is one of the finest examples of incoherent trash that I have ever read. It is a clear case of rampant intellectualism turned into gibberish.

GREGORY S. POKRASS
Madison, Wis.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Saab vs. Volvo



1972 Saab 99E, 4-door	Model	1972 Volvo 144 E, 4-door
4 cylinders, in-line, water-cooled	Engine Design	4 cylinders, in-line, water-cooled
Yes	Overhead Cam	No
95 hp (SAE) at 5200 rpm	Maximum Engine Output	125 hp (SAE) at 6000 rpm
113.1 cubic inches	Displacement	121 cubic inches
Yes	Electronic Fuel Injection	Yes
4-speed manual/3-speed automatic	Gearbox	4-speed manual/3-speed automatic
OPTIONAL	Front Wheel Drive	No
0 to 60 in 12.5 seconds	Acceleration	0 to 60 - N/A
197 feet	Stopping Distance	185 feet
99 mph	Top Speed	N/A
97.4 inches	Wheelbase	103.4 inches
172 inches	Overall Length	182.7 inches
66.5 inches	Overall Width	68.1 inches
34 feet	Turning Circle Diameter	30.4 feet
3.5	Steering Wheel Turns, Lock to Lock	4
23.3 cubic feet	Trunk Space	23.6 cubic feet
2550 lbs.	Curb Weight	2677 lbs.
Yes	Electrically Heated Driver's Seat	No
Yes	Heating Controls for Rear Seat Passengers	No
Yes	Fold-down Rear Seat	No
Yes	Impact Absorbing Bumpers	No
Yes	Rack and Pinion Steering	No
Yes	Disc Brakes On All Four Wheels	Yes
Yes	Dual-Diagonal Braking System	No
Between rear wheels	Fuel Tank Location	Under trunk
1 year/unlimited mileage	Factory Warranty	1 year/unlimited mileage
\$3,795	Base Price	\$3,855

Before you buy theirs, drive ours. Saab 99E.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

A Governor's Time

As government grows more complex, elected officials increasingly find that there are too few hours in each day to keep up with all of the demands. But just how do they spend their hours? An unusual time-and-motion study of the way Illinois Governor Richard B. Ogilvie spent 24 working days of one month (June 1971) was conducted by one of his administrative assistants, Ronald D. Michaelson, 30, who holds a Ph.D. in government. It shows, surprisingly, that the Governor spent more time selling himself and his programs to the public than in actually managing the state government.

The study reveals that Ogilvie allocated his time by the following functions and percentage of total hours: public relations, 27%; management of state government, 19%; private social activities, 18%; legislative relations, 16%; political leadership, 11%; intra-office responsibilities, 6%; out-of-state travel, 5%. Michaelson concedes that "public relations commitments severely encroach upon other gubernatorial functions." But he admits that this is inevitable, since it is not enough for a Governor to master his job. Governing, like justice, must not only be done but be seen to have been done.



OGILVIE INSPECTING PRISON DOGS
The big thing is selling.

A Disarming Captain

The public jitters over skyjacking have increased to the point that airline business is suffering. Last week two of the companies, TWA and American, announced that they will begin the searching of all the carry-on luggage of passengers boarding each of their flights. The drive to keep guns off aircraft is getting tougher—and it does not seem to matter who is carrying them.

That point was illustrated when a National Airlines 727 braked to a halt at Miami Airport while taxiing for take-off to Washington. The captain told four men in the first-class compartment that they would have to either surrender their hand luggage or get off the plane. The reason: their bags contained guns. Sullenly, the men agreed to place the baggage on the flight deck behind the captain's seat. Thus did one pilot express his distaste for guns on his aircraft—even when they are carried by agents of the Secret Service.

The Meaning of Bobby

Every few aeons, the giant magnet of the earth reverses itself. North changes to South, and topsy metamorphoses into turvy. In a sense, that is what happened in Reykjavik when Bobby Fischer last week took the world chess title from Boris Spassky. Russia, chess master to the world for a generation, has been abruptly undone by an upstart. The U.S.S.R. has long instructed its citizens that in chess (as in all things) their strength was the strength of ten because their hearts were pure, their Lenin clean. Americans, by contrast, scoffed at the game as one for myopic children and old men on park benches.

Spassky's defeat was no national disaster for Russia; after all, chess is a game, not warfare. Still, it is fascinating to speculate about the geopolitical implications. If pure hearts no longer prevail, what then is the future of the Soviet communal ideal? Perhaps the senses should now be allowed to soar in Russia, personal competitiveness be exalted, and the model of the disciplined intellect be scrapped in favor of the search for self-comfort in cars, cuisine and water beds. And if a brainy kid from Brooklyn becomes the all-American hero, should not the U.S. close its bars, shutter its stadiums, and encourage its citizens to march off to libraries to explore the storehouses of knowledge? What good are pleasure and profits when true joy seems to reside in the cerebral mastery of a checkered board?



TOP ADVISER LAWRENCE O'BRIEN



McGOVERN VOLUNTEER IN MANHATTAN



CAMPAIGN MANAGER GARY HART

The Democrats Try to Get Organized

It was possibly the worst head start of any campaign in American history. The Democrats held their convention a month early to give their nominee a chance to make some extra mileage, and ended up losing ground. From the selection of Tom Eagleton to Pierre Salinger's talks with the North Vietnamese in Paris, George McGovern stumbled steadily backward. He could hardly get started attacking Nixon, so busy was he fending off attacks on himself. But the approach of Labor Day jolted his sluggish campaign into action. As his campaign chairman Larry O'Brien ominously put it: "Labor Day is everybody's D-day." Last week, in quick succession, McGovern offered a new and more reasonable tax and welfare program, appealed to the Jewish vote by defending his record on Israel, and tried to cut through a Gordian knot of staff snarls.

Chaotic. Of all his problems, none is more treacherous than the deteriorating state of his staff. "Chaotic" is the word often used to describe it, especially by staffers. "People are spending half their time plotting against other people," says one of the workers. "It's every bit as bad as the Muskie campaign was." Instead of concentrating their fire on the Republican enemy, many of the staffers have been sniping at one another. One of those hit was Fred Dutton, a key strategist, who has been demoted to coffee and sandwich pusher; McGovern grew weary of his countless memos. Among the more aggressive fighters has been Jean Westwood, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. She has occasionally informed her fellow staffers that she is in charge of everything, on McGovern's orders. That, of course, nettles Gary Hart, who has been supervising the grass-roots organization. While Hart has been chairing strategy meetings in his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Westwood has presided over the sessions in her office on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Flying to Washington, McGovern assembled his squabbling advisers. No sooner had Westwood started to review the voter-registration drive than O'Brien broke in. "You're the nominee of the Democratic Party," he told McGovern. "It has millions of members and adherents, but here we are with Richard Nixon telling Democrats it isn't your party. You're being cast in the role of a third-party candidate. Maybe we ought to start saying that there is a Democratic Party and that, hopefully, you'll be moving it through the '70s." Replied McGovern: "You couldn't be more right."

Praising the tax and welfare speech, O'Brien said that the "themes you struck must be repeated again and

again." McGovern nodded. Finally, O'Brien reported a widespread feeling around the country that the campaign lacks direction. Better coordination is a must, he said. He intimated that he might quit unless changes were made—a threat he made not to get the top job for himself but to bring some order to the campaign. O'Brien's ploy seems to have worked. After mulling the matter over for a day, McGovern emphasized that O'Brien is No. 1 in the campaign; he will serve as overall adviser and preside over weekly meetings attended by the staff as well as anyone he decides to invite. Hart will now be No. 2 in the pecking order, with control over day-to-day operations, including fund raising, media expenditures and voter registration. The lines of authority are relatively clear if the staff chooses to follow them.

The staff troubles could not have come at a less opportune time. The latest Gallup poll showed McGovern running even farther behind Nixon than before, 64% to 30%, with 6% undecided—just one point short of the gap that existed between Goldwater and Johnson at about the same point in the 1964 campaign. Adviser Frank Mankiewicz complained that the pollsters were "asking the wrong people the wrong questions." McGovern's own polls show that he is beginning to close the gap. Other staffers are less sanguine. "I'm not hoping for victory any longer," says one. "I just hope we can avoid a debacle."

Yet the candidate proved that he could be taken seriously in hostile territory last week. Before the New York Society of Security Analysts, he unveiled a less radical economic program (see following story), which did not have his audience cheering in the aisles but had them applauding politely.

From Wall Street, McGovern moved on to the New York Board of Rabbis, who listened intently to his every word on Israel, an area where he has been judged wanting. What he said impressed them, and well it should, since he tried to outhawk the President. "I was not part of an Administration that voted with the Soviet-Arab bloc to condemn Israel five times in the United Nations over the past four years. It was not I who tried to impose a big-power settlement on the Middle East."

Out in the field, the McGovern campaign is going better than events in Washington would suggest. Despite George Meany, McGovern is picking up labor support (see story on page 19)

He has been getting large and warm crowds. A massive voter-registration drive is under way, concentrating on those counties across the nation that voted at least 50% Democratic in 1968. Anne Wexler, who runs the program, hopes to register between eight million and 10 million new voters, with emphasis on youth, blacks and Chicanos.

As for finances, small contributions are coming in briskly. Already \$2.1 million has been received. Morris Dees, who heads the direct-mail fund drive, is confident that he will collect \$14 million before the campaign is over. Big

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF SECURITY ANALYSTS



McGOVERN ADDRESSING SECURITY ANALYSTS
More reasonable, less radical and Mills.

contributions, however, are skimpy. While he was in New York, McGovern met with 25 wealthy Democrats, and they were not in a giving mood. To try to cajole some cash out of millionaires, Hart has devised a speedy-repayment loan plan. One dollar out of every four that is lent to McGovern will be paid back at the end of each month.

Getting the campaign together is crucial, not only for raising money and excitement but for freeing the candidate to pursue the issues. To date, McGovern has been so tied up with his own campaign problems that he has been unable to take the offensive against Nixon. As organization-minded as he is, O'Brien concedes that organization counts for only 3% of a campaign. The other 97% is the candidate.

McGovernomics: A More Modest Proposal

GEORGE MCGOVERN's primary campaign won him the Democratic nomination but left him with an intractable problem: an economic program that stamped him in the public mind both as a radical and a man who could not make his figures add up properly. Even before the convention, McGovern withdrew the program and promised to have a new one ready by Labor Day. Last week he kept his pledge. Venturing into Wall Street, where he had frightened more people more thoroughly than any Democrat since Franklin Roosevelt, he unveiled the new McGovernomics—a program much more modest and consistent than the old one, but still faithful to the candidate's basic economic philosophy.

The program did contain one striking addition: a proposal to tax capital gains, such as profits on the sale of stock or real estate, at the same rate as wage or salary income. Otherwise, it was as notable for what was left out as for what was included. Gone was the plan to give every American \$1,000 a year—a utopian idea that had been designed to reduce poverty at the possible price of increased taxes on every family making more than \$12,000 a year. Gone also was the proposal to tax incomes above \$50,000 at 75% of the statutory rate on all kinds of income, regardless of how the money was earned or what deductions the taxpayer might have.

There were even some gestures to the rich and to corporations. The top tax rate on earned income would go down to 48% (from the present 50% to 70% (it varies according to a complex formula). Companies would keep the tax credit they now get for investing in new machinery—a provision of tax law that McGovern had earlier attacked—though the credit in effect might eventually be halved from the present 7%. For fiscal conservatives, there was a promise to name cautious House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills as Secretary of the Treasury. For blue-collar workers, there was a ringing pledge: under President McGovern, "no American whose income comes from wages and salaries would pay one penny more in taxes than he does now."

That does not exactly make McGovern a penny pincher; his program would still cause a considerable change

in national direction. The Senator proposes \$44 billion in new annual federal spending by 1975, plus a one-shot \$10 billion program to create public-service jobs for people who cannot find work in the private sector. Of the total, \$30 billion consists of proposals to greatly expand federal aid to education, hospital construction, public transit, drug-control programs and the like. The remaining \$14 billion represents the cost of a new "national income insurance" plan to aid the poor, replacing the old \$1,000 grant. Through a combination

memory, McGovern would accomplish this by closing a long string of tax "loopholes": he offered a list of eleven, with detailed estimates of how much revenue would be gained by eliminating each. He would leave untouched the loopholes most used by the average person, such as deductions for medical expenses and interest on mortgage loans. Besides capital gains, the tax escapes he would attack benefit mostly wealthy people, as well as investors in such industries as oil and real estate.

Politically, the new McGovernomics is obviously designed to win the votes of Democratic workers: they are attracted by a soak-the-rich approach but were frightened by McGovern's earlier plan for a vast redistribution of income from the upper-middle class to the lower-middle class and the poor. McGovern staffers see blue-collar disaffection as a primary reason for Richard Nixon's 34-point lead in the latest Gallup poll. "That \$1,000-per-person sounded ridiculous to every blue collar in America," says one campaign aide. "Most of them figured McGovern was going to tax them more to put more people—especially blacks—on welfare."

Now McGovern is shifting his emphasis to tax reform and to creating jobs by more spending. The primary votes for George Wallace and McGovern himself indicated that there is political mileage to be gained by appealing to a vague sense among ordinary people that the tax laws are rigged to favor the rich. The strongest testimony to the potential political impact of the new McGovern program is the fact that many Republicans almost ignored it last week and insisted instead on continuing to assail the old one. For example, Treasury Secretary George Shultz blandly assured reporters that the \$1,000 "Demogrant" program must still be in McGovern's mind—even though McGovern Spokesman Gordon Weil had told the same reporters earlier that the idea was dead and that there was "no way" it could be revived.

McGovern has achieved the first essential: he has now got his arithmetic straight. Even such Republican economists as Alan Greenspan and Beryl Sprinkel, members of TIME's Board of Economists, concede that McGovern's proposals have a reasonable chance of raising most of the revenue that he says



ADMAN'S POSTER OF MCGOVERN AS ROBIN HOOD

Notable for what was left out.

of increased Social Security benefits, an expanded food-stamp program and higher public-assistance payments, McGovern aims to ensure the equivalent of about \$4,000 a year to every family of four. (This is not quite the same as the old \$1,000 for everybody. Under the old program, a family now earning \$4,000 would have had its income raised to \$8,000, some of which would have been remitted in taxes; under the new program that same family would get nothing, at least to start with.)

The money to finance this program would come from two sources: 1) \$30 billion to \$32 billion to be cut from the defense budget over three years, an earlier idea that McGovern is resolutely sticking to; 2) \$22 billion to be raised by the most precise tax-reform program offered by any presidential candidate in

they will—if not of paying for the Senator's spending schemes—assuming that the U.S. economy continues to expand rapidly. The larger question is whether swift growth would in fact continue under McGovern's program. Republicans contend that by raising taxes on the wealthy, the program would so discourage investment as to slow the growth rate. McGovernites retort that people invest if they see an opportunity for profit and that the Senator's program would prompt enough consumer spending to make sure that the opportunity for profit will be present.

The new program is the work of a team of 46 tax and welfare experts who have been examining and pricing scores of possible proposals for more than a month. They include several economists older and more orthodox than the authors of the program that McGovern unfurled last spring. For instance, since the primaries McGovern has recruited three members of TIME's Board of Economists: Walter Heller, Arthur Okun and Joseph Pechman, none of whom had shown much enthusiasm for his earlier program.

Two weeks ago, the new team turned over a program to McGovern's speechwriters. The wordsmiths then kneaded it through five drafts—befitting what Frank Mankiewicz called "the most important speech of the campaign"—before McGovern wrote the final version.

As far as taxes go, the thrust of the new program can be summed up in one sentence: income is income, no matter what its source. The most striking illustration of that idea is the proposal to tax capital gains at the same rates as wages. Traditionally, money earned by money has been considered different from money earned by labor, partly because the benefits from investments often do not show up regularly but take years to accumulate. Thus most income from the sale of property is now taxed at half the rate of wage-salary income, and the tax never goes over 35% (Even that is strict by some foreign standards. Canada's top tax on capital gains is 23% and Britain's is 30% after twelve months; France, West Germany and Italy do not tax long-term capital gains at all.)

Theoretically, this loophole is open to rich and poor alike, but since the rich own more property, they obviously reap the greater benefit. An analysis by Ralph Nader's tax-relief study group shows that taxpayers in the \$10,000-to-\$15,000 annual income bracket now save an average of \$16.31 in taxes on capital gains, mostly on the sale of houses and on income from investments in mutual funds. Taxpayers with an income of \$100,000 or more a year average savings of \$38,126.29.

McGovern figures to raise \$7 billion a year from individuals and \$1 bil-

lion from corporations by such reforms. He would allow many people to spread capital gains over a period of years for tax purposes, in order to avoid genuine hardship. A family selling a business that had taken a generation to acquire real value, for instance, would be able to reduce its taxes by averaging the gain in the same way that writers, actors and athletes can now cut taxes by averag-

McGovern's Assets

NOBODY was paying much attention back in January when George McGovern, then only one Democratic aspirant among many, disclosed his financial assets. The balance sheet makes more interesting reading now, and not only because he is his party's standard bearer. His economic and tax proposals last week urged a deeper tax bite into capital gains from the sale of securities and property. Though he owns no stock, McGovern listed among his assets \$190,000 in real estate and rental property, doubtless worth far more now than when he purchased them, the sale of which would net him profits that would be more steeply taxed under his own program. The list of McGovern's total financial assets as of last December:

Cash in checking and savings accounts, \$52,800.

A trust fund created in 1969, \$62,000.

Balance due him on a loan he had made to the Democratic Party, \$5,800.

Furniture in a Mitchell, S. Dak., apartment, \$1,500.

Automobiles, clothing and jewelry, \$10,000.

Equity from enrollment in federal retirement program, \$31,100.

Rental property, \$10,000.

Interest on a house in Aberdeen, S. Dak., \$5,000.

Family home in Washington, D.C., \$110,000.

Summer home in St. Michaels, Md., \$65,000.

The total is \$353,200, against which McGovern listed debts owed of some \$81,600, which leaves him with a net worth of \$271,600.

President Nixon, who released his own personal balance sheet in May 1969—he was then worth about \$600,000—has promised a fresh accounting to the public soon.

ing over several years an extraordinary jump in earnings in any one year. On the other hand, McGovern would tax gains that had accrued in the value of assets held by wealthy people up until death. At present, if an investor buys stock for \$1,000,000 and it is worth \$8,000,000 when he dies, the increase in value escapes taxation; McGovern

would levy taxes on the \$7,000,000 increase before separate taxes are assessed on the heirs. Estates of "moderate size" and spouses would be exempt. Estimated annual revenue from this change: \$4 billion.

McGovern also would:

▶ Eliminate the accelerated depreciation write-offs that businesses have been able to take on their plant and equipment since 1971. Estimated new revenue from this change and the shaving down of the investment tax credit: \$6.7 billion.

▶ Abolish the depletion allowances now granted to companies that explore for oil, gas and other natural resources, as well as some other tax breaks granted to these industries. Estimated new revenue: \$2.2 billion.

▶ Wipe out special tax advantages—chiefly large interest deductions on construction loans and rapid amortization—now given to investors in real estate. In McGovern's view, these advantages encourage excessive investment in office buildings, shopping centers and luxury apartments, to the detriment of more socially productive building. Anticipated new revenue: \$1.1 billion.

▶ Tighten tax treatment of profits earned by U.S. corporations operating abroad. He would repeal last year's Domestic International Sales Corp. (DISC) law that grants companies a special tax deferral on profits from export sales. In addition, McGovern would tax foreign profits of U.S. corporations whenever they are earned; at present such profits are taxed only when remitted as dividends to the American parent corporation. Estimated new revenue: \$1.3 billion.

▶ Make a host of other tax changes. McGovern would, for instance, limit the deductions that wealthy city slickers can take on losses from farms that they own; prevent investors from deducting from their other income the interest they pay on money borrowed to make investments that produce no income; and provide subsidies to discourage state and local governments from issuing tax-free bonds.

On the expenditure side, McGovern's program shows much less change from the one he unveiled during the primaries. The main difference is in uplifting the poor. He now would rely more on the job-creating programs, as well as an extension of Social Security benefits to 3,000,000 of the orphaned, disabled or elderly not now covered that would increase those benefits from \$85 to a minimum of \$150 monthly for everyone, and expand by \$5 billion cash and food-stamp grants to unemployed.

The new McGovernomics sacrifices some of the ambition of the old. Guaranteeing an income of about \$4,000 a year to a family of four, for example,

THE NATION

would still leave the poor poor; by federal definition, the "poverty line" for a family of four is now \$4,137. But the new program clearly is much more realistic and less expensive than the old—and also more specific. For example, last week Elliot Richardson, Nixon's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, attacked McGovern's tax proposals—but had to confess that he could not contrast them with Nixon's tax-reform ideas, because he does not know what those ideas might be.

However, the fact that McGovern has had to come up with a new economic program at the start of the campaign constitutes an admission that the

old one was faulty, and could reinforce the public impression of the Senator as a waverer. Republicans last week cheerfully seized on that idea. Clark MacGregor, Nixon's campaign manager, sneered that McGovern's new policy "is the September plan. I'm sure that when its flaws are fully recognized, there will be an October plan." If McGovern can win back the votes that polls show he is now losing, his ideas may begin a new chapter in U.S. economic history. Even if he goes down to the crushing defeat now so widely predicted, he has crystallized questions about the equity of the tax system and the nation's spending priorities that will not fade away.

THE PRESIDENCY

Richard Nixon's Three Hats

AS he has in the past, President Nixon referred again last week to the three hats he wears as President, Commander in Chief and politician. Yet it is increasingly obvious that more than ever, those three hats are merging as they each take on a distinctly political cut during his re-election campaign.

The politician in Nixon was especially flattered by the turnout of some 400 stage, screen and television celebrities for a party he and the First Lady gave at their San Clemente home. They included such oldtime stars as John Wayne, Jack Benny, George Jessel, James Stewart, Joan Blondell, Ray Bolger, Jimmy Durante and Lawrence Welk, as well as some Democratic turncoats: Frank Sinatra, Jim Brown, Charlton Heston and George Hamilton. (Remember George and Lynda Bird?) The

President was in high spirits, chatting amiably and expressing his gratitude "for what you, the people of Hollywood, have done for America and have done for the world."

That over, Nixon headed west for Hawaii—a symbolic site for a meeting with Japan's new Premier Kakuei Tanaka. Before the meeting began, he attended another grand party at the Kahala home of Clare Boothe Luce, where more than 600 business, civic and political leaders of Hawaii enjoyed a mixed buffet of *sushi*, *sashimi*, shrimp, king crab and smoked salmon. Everyone laughed when Nixon declared: "This is not a political affair."

Yet even in what appeared to be strictly an affair of state as Nixon met Tanaka for the first time since the blunt and hearty Premier replaced Eisaku Sato last July, the major topic of discussion carried domestic political overtones for Nixon. His Administration is vulnerable to Democratic attack for the huge balance of payments deficit (4.1 billion in the first six months of 1972 and nearly \$30 billion in 1971) that the U.S. faces. No other nation holds such a large advantage in its trade with the U.S. as Japan, which is expected to sell some \$3.5 billion more in goods to America this year than it buys. In the pre-summit preparations, Nixon's negotiators, most notably Kissinger, hoped to get the Japanese to cut that deficit to under \$3 billion by next March 31 (the end of the Japanese fiscal year) and to \$2 billion the following year.

Although there was much fanfare over the issuance of a "shopping list" of products and services valued at over \$1 billion that Japan intends to buy from the U.S., only \$440 million would be paid for by the March goal. The goods include \$320 million worth of air buses, \$50 million worth of grains, plus \$390 million in increased purchases of agriculture, forestry and fishery products. Also included was \$320 million for the enrichment of uranium to be

used in Japan's nuclear power plants. The tough, gravel-voiced Tanaka declared his intention to reduce the long-range balance "to a more manageable size within a reasonable time."

Of less political consequence to Nixon, although not to Tanaka, the two leaders agreed that both Nixon's overtures toward Peking for better relations and Tanaka's impending visit to China in the same vein (probably about Oct. 1) are healthy developments that need not strain U.S.-Japanese ties. The U.S. raised no formal objection to the rupture that undoubtedly will result in Japan's diplomatic relations with Taiwan.

Draft's End. Before flying to Hawaii, Nixon had donned his military commander's hat to make two announcements freighted with political impact. He said that he intended to end the draft by next July and shift to an all-volunteer Army if Congress passes a bill including some new incentives for building up the National Guard and Reserve forces and retaining specialists of certain types in the service through pay bonuses. He also revealed that he will withdraw another 12,000 troops from South Viet Nam by Dec. 1, which would reduce the authorized U.S. troop level there to 27,000.

Both announcements left much unsaid. By citing the draft's end as a goal for next year but hedging the promise as dependent upon the Democratic Congress and other qualifications, Nixon reaps the political gain right now even if he is unable to deliver next spring. Actually, although Pentagon leaders are pushing hard, there is serious doubt that regardless of congressional action, enough volunteers in all of the necessary specialties can be acquired to make a large all-volunteer force feasible. Even with the aid of pressure from the draft and less likelihood that enlistees will have to serve in Viet Nam, the Army, Navy and Marine Corps are failing to meet their current enlistment quotas. Nor did Nixon's emphasis on the Viet Nam troop cut take into account the massive air, naval and other support forces operating just outside South Viet Nam's borders. This manpower has been growing rather than declining, but has now leveled off at about 100,000.

Also before his trip, Nixon had held his first "political" press conference, an untelevised dialogue in front of the guest house of his San Clemente home. He was in cool, sharp form. Asked if he still believed, as he had said in 1968, that "those who have had a chance for four years and could not produce peace should not be given another chance," he neatly turned the answer into an attack on George McGovern: "We always set our goals high," he said, pretty much admitting that he had failed to reach that one, "but those who have faulted this Administration on its efforts to seek peace are the ones that would have the



TANAKA WITH NIXONS IN HAWAII
The site was symbolic.

continued on page 18



The guests, top: Lawrence Welk; Clint Eastwood; Taft Schreiber of Music Corporation of America, and Charlton Heston; Frank Sinatra. Middle: George Jessel and Red Skelton; Billy Graham in reception line. Bottom: Paul Keyes of Laugh-In and his wife, Dick Martin and the Dan Rowans; Singer Jan Daley and John Wayne; Zsa Zsa Gabor.



THE NATION

U.S. seek peace at the cost of surrender, dishonor and the destruction of the ability of the U.S. to conduct foreign policy in a responsible way." Nixon also pledged that "as long as there is one P.O.W. in North Viet Nam, or one missing in action not accounted for, there will be an American volunteer force in South Viet Nam." Last weekend, on the occasion of North Viet Nam's National Day, Hanoi announced that three P.O.W.s—one Air Force and two Navy pilots—will be freed. Within the next few weeks, members of American antiwar groups will fly to Indochina to escort them home. They are the first P.O.W.s to be released since 1969.

The President ruled out any television debates with McGovern on the lofty grounds that "when a President speaks, he makes policy every time he opens his mouth," and he must not do so "in the heat of partisan debate" while there is a war on. Actually, of course, a debate would give the underdog challenger a priceless chance to catch up. Surprisingly, Nixon conceded that he himself has been radical at times, and that this is no basis on which to judge a candidate's programs. "We want change," he said, "but change that works. It is not a question of whether it is radical or not. My trip to China was bold, radical and different." Without mentioning McGovern's name, but presumably referring to the Democratic candidate's revised economic program, he assailed as unworkable "a half-baked scheme, where you have one today and one tomorrow and then you check the p.m.s to see whether or not there is a new one." A bit grandly, he predicted that if he is re-elected and is given a Congress that agrees with him, "we could have a legislative record in the

first six months which could equal in excitement, in reform, the 100 days of 1933." Nixon, it seems, would like to be remembered as a later—if different—Franklin Roosevelt.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Watergate Roils On

The Government's General Accounting Office recently filtered a gentle reminder down through the various federal bureaus: the final date was drawing near for nominations for the Maurice H. Stans Award for Distinguished Financial Management. The memorandum noted that the broadest reasonable interpretation of the phrase "financial management" could be used in putting forward candidates.

No definition would seem wide enough to qualify one top Republican for this year's award: Maurice H. Stans. As Nixon's chief fund raiser and the finance chairman for the Committee for the Re-Election of President Nixon, Stans is now under fire from the GAO, the very office that sent out the memo on the award. It has found eleven possible violations of law in the C.R.P.'s handling of campaign contributions. Although it is up to the Justice Department to act on the GAO charges, it is apparent that the intertwined scandals of the C.R.P. funds and the bugging of the Democratic National Headquarters at the Watergate last June may pose great embarrassment to the President's campaign for a second term. Among last week's developments:

► Rubbing salt in the Republican wounds, Democratic National Chairman Jean Westwood called the GAO report "the bare outlines of the largest and possibly most corrupt set of financial dealings in the history of American presidential politics." Taking the counteroffensive, Republican National Chairman Robert Dole demanded that the GAO look into the Democratic funds as well. Hinting at "devious cover-ups," Dole pointed out to the GAO what he thought to be "serious" violations on the part of McGovern's fund raisers, and promised fresh accusations this week. The GAO had already decided to investigate Democratic campaign contributions, but McGovern seemed unfazed. "We're wide open," he said.

► Conducting his own inquiry, Florida State Attorney Richard Gerstein learned that three men, two of them identified as among those arrested in the Watergate incident, had taken two rolls of 35-mm. film to be developed at a camera store in Miami's Cuban section just seven days before the break-in at the Democratic headquarters. According to the store owner's son, Michael Richardson, many of the photographs were of documents bearing the letterhead of the Democratic National Committee. Some appeared to be personal correspondence between its former



G. GORDON LIDDY



E. HOWARD HUNT
Bugging and bagging.

chairman, Lawrence O'Brien, and other top Democratic leaders. In several of the photographs, the documents were being held for the camera by hands in ill-fitting surgical gloves. If Richardson's testimony is true (he passed a lie detector test with "flying colors"), it proves that the Democratic headquarters had been "bagged" (burglarized for the purpose of photographing documents) before the June 17 arrests.

► The C.R.P. will soon have a second suit on its hands. John Gardner, chairman of the nonpartisan Common Cause citizens' lobby, has charged the C.R.P. with violation of the Corrupt Practices Act, which requires disclosure of contributors' identities and amounts of contributions made for the purpose of "influencing" the election of presidential or vice-presidential electors. This was the law in force prior to April 7, when the present law took effect. Gardner hopes his suit will open the source of Nixon's secret \$10 million campaign fund to public scrutiny.

► President Nixon rejected a proposal by the Democrats that a special prosecutor be appointed to investigate the Watergate affair, arguing that there are five investigations now under way. Attorney General Richard Kleindienst



"Believe me, I can explain this...as soon as I think of something!"

agreed, saying that the Justice Department investigation would be "the most extensive, thorough and comprehensive investigation since the assassination of President Kennedy." McGovern's political coordinator, Frank Mankiewicz, retorted that having Kleindienst, an Administration appointee and close friend of John Mitchell, conduct an investigation of the alleged improprieties of the C.R.P. was like asking "a fox to find out who got into the chicken coop."

Asked in his San Clemente press conference about the Watergate fiasco, President Nixon in careful lawyer's language said that he had determined that no one "in the White House staff, no one in this Administration, presently employed, was involved in this very bizarre incident." The operative phrase was "presently employed." Four former White House and Administration job holders have resigned, quit or been fired from their positions with the C.R.P. since the arrests in June: John Mitchell, Nixon's former campaign manager; G. Gordon Liddy, former White House aide; Hugh W. Sloan Jr., former C.R.P. finance committee treasurer; and E. Howard Hunt, sometime White House consultant. (Hunt disappeared after the arrests but showed up last week to make his deposition before the Democratic National Committee's lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams.) Of the four, G. Gordon Liddy looms as the Republicans' most likely scapegoat. He was fired from the C.R.P. because of the Watergate flub-up, ostensibly for refusing to answer the FBI's questions, and some unkind words have been leaking out of the Administration about the onetime FBI agent. Treasury officials let it be known that Liddy had been fired once before—from the Treasury Department. An ardent gun fancier, Liddy had delivered an unauthorized speech to the National Rifle Association praising N.R.A. policies. Hardly by coincidence, sources within the Justice Department told the press that Liddy, while still a White House coordinator investigating the leaking of the Pentagon papers, had proposed placing wiretaps on reporters' homes and newspaper offices, including those of the New York Times. So Liddy could be riding for the fall-guy role as the man who, "without authorization," hugged the Democratic headquarters.

Coy. Kleindienst hinted last week that someone might be indicted for the Watergate caper before the end of this month. Asked if he already knew who was responsible for the bugging, he replied coyly: "I think so."

But even if the Watergate controversy is still the larger furor over Nixon's campaign funds may go on, particularly if George McGovern has anything to say about it. "I have no doubt but what this issue will catch fire," said the Democratic candidate, striking his own rhetorical match. "You cannot make a serious bid for the presidency of the United States any more and cover up a secret fund of \$10 million."

LABOR

Sitting Out 1972

Ever since he persuaded the AFL-CIO executive council to stay neutral in the presidential campaign, Labor Chiefstain George Meany has become less and less neutral. Shortly after the July executive-council meeting, he was seen golfing with President Nixon. "If he is really neutral," growled William Winpisinger, a vice president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, "he owes McGovern four hours of golf." In a speech, Meany accused the Democratic nominee of running down big labor: "He's talking about you, he's talking about me." After that he sent a letter to state and local AFL-CIO offices, questioning McGov-

union chieftains are frankly baffled. They wonder if Meany knows something they do not. "He hasn't been wrong before," says a machinist official who supports McGovern. "He's always known what's the right thing to do."

Meany continues to take occasional swipes at Nixon, but his hatred of McGovern and what he stands for in American politics is too visceral to be overcome. At 78, Meany is set in his ways, but he also has his ear to the ground. He detects discontent with McGovern among labor's rank and file, and he has skillfully exploited it. Nor does he want to implicate big labor—his big labor—in what he expects to be a disastrous Democratic defeat. Why spend our money, he has said, to "help a political party commit suicide?" Better to drift with



ern's "credibility and confidence." Finally, at an executive-council meeting in Chicago last week that was expected to consider presidential politics, the subject was not even brought up. George Meany let it be known that the issue was settled: there would be no endorsement of anyone.

But the subject was far from closed for a lot of other union leaders who had their say in Chicago hotel lobbies and corridors, even if they were not allowed to speak in formal session. Like Meany, they have spent almost four years fighting Nixononomics; unlike Meany, they see no reason to let up on the President now. What has Nixon done to deserve it? In their view, his policies have clamped down on wages, hoisted unemployment, sent capital fleeing abroad and caused the virtual disappearance of the electronics industry—much to the dismay of the powerful machinists union. Yet, by staying neutral, Meany and his allies in the steelworkers union are helping Nixon get re-elected; some of the building trades unions, in fact, are expected to endorse the President. The dissident

the political tides and make the best deal possible with the sure winner. Says an industrial union leader: "He believes he can bring Nixon around, that he can do business with the guy in a way that will serve labor's best interests over the next four years."

Other labor leaders wish that their much admired boss would put up his customary fight and lead the labor movement to something—even if it is defeat. "Look, we don't always have to win," says another union official. "We supported Adlai Stevenson on principle because he was right. Being the underdog doesn't bother us." Union leaders also worry that failure to support the top of the ticket will hurt other candidates on the ballot and jeopardize Democratic control of Congress. Traditionally, labor can expect little aid and comfort from Republicans.

Last month dissident union leaders met in Washington, D.C., to form a committee to help elect McGovern. It is headed by two Meany loyalists: Joe Beirne, president of the Communications Workers of America, and Joe Keenan, secretary of the International

THE NATION

Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. To date some 30 affiliates, making up about half the AFL-CIO's 13.6 million membership, have joined the committee. The independent United Auto Workers union is also a member. So is the big St. Louis Teamster local headed by Harold Gibbons, even though the national Teamsters have endorsed Nixon.

But a divided labor obviously offers much less support to the Democratic nominee than a united labor. Since most of the unions contribute to COPE, the political arm of the AFL-CIO, the McGovern committee has not been able to scrape up enough cash to conduct a registration drive—a traditional element in a Democratic presidential campaign. Nor do they work very comfortably alongside McGovern's operatives. Some labor leaders remain hawks. Says Joe Keenan flatly: "I support the President on the war." McGovern staffers, on the other hand, continue to downplay labor as if they think that they can win the election without its help. When the machinists' union offered to help out in Connecticut, a McGovern aide said that there was no need for labor volunteers. Complains a local official of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees union: "They've as much as told us they don't want our leadership. They're running a personalized campaign over there, and they think they are going to do that on a block-to-block basis. That's going to bring spotty results at best."

As the campaign shakes down, labor and McGovernites may learn to get along better: an increasing number of locals are likely to drop into the McGovern camp. But essentially, labor is sitting out this presidential election, its tools and its riches remaining largely locked up. The question is whether they will rust for lack of use. By opting out of the top of the political process in 1972, labor may demonstrate that American politics can get on perfectly well without it.

SPACE

The Last Apollo

Scheduled for December, the sixth and last manned Apollo mission to land on the moon began the long process of gearing up last week as its spacecraft and Saturn rocket were positioned on the launching pad at Cape Kennedy. TIME Correspondent Donald Neff filed this report:

As 3,500 persons looked on, the Apollo 17 spaceship and booster rolled out of the assembly building at the Kennedy Space Center. A gibbous moon hung high in the Florida sky while the rising sun splashed the white rocket with golden rays. It was a stunning tableau of man's inventiveness. Yet it was a sight not without irony.

This is the last moonship. After Apollo 17, America's manned voyages to the moon come to an end. Though there is speculation that Russia may begin moon landings this decade, no American is likely to return to the moon in this century. That realization cast a nostalgic sadness over the spectators, most of them space workers and their families.

The crew that will make the last flight watched the 363-ft. vehicle moving at less than a mile an hour toward its pad 34 miles away. "This is going to bring to a close the Apollo program," said Flight Commander Gene Cernan. "I hope by the time we get back home

told him in 1947 that no rocket could go faster than 700 m.p.h. Apollo goes 25,000 m.p.h.

"What do I think when I look at Apollo 17?" mused Debus. "It's beautiful. We have pioneered. We have worked hard. There is a terrific satisfaction in having been permitted to be part of it all. It was only after great soul searching that we recommended sending man to the moon back in 1961. It has been a happy life."

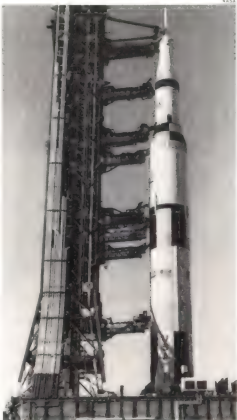
Polar ice. Debus let his gaze linger on the mighty Saturn V rocket beneath the Apollo 17 spaceship. "The Saturn V is the end too," said Debus. "I don't believe we will build a stronger rocket in this century. The Saturn can boost a payload of 200,000 lbs. into orbit. If you want more payload than that, it is cheaper to launch several Saturns than to develop a new rocket."

Debus compared the past and future of the space program to the difference between the excitement of discovering the South Pole and the somberness of staying there to study the polar ice. "We are in the age of economizing now. In the background is the shining star of adventure. But now we must bring the benefits of space to man."

Next year there will be the Skylab program, in which nine astronauts will be launched into earth orbit for stays of up to 56 days. That will be over by early 1974. The following year will bring an international launch, with both Russian and American astronauts meeting in earth orbit. Then there will be no more manned flights until 1978, when the space shuttle program begins. The shuttle will operate in earth orbit and will be capable of taking scores of people into space on one flight.

Out by the rocket, Apollo 17 Crewman Dr. Harrison Schmitt observed that "we are the first truly space-faring nation in all mankind." Near by, one of the space workers who will be laid off along with about 1,000 others after Apollo's flight said: "Yeah, but not for long."

Within six hours Apollo 17 was snugly on its pad and workers were scurrying around it to prepare for the Dec. 6 launch. Cernan and Schmitt will spend three days exploring the moon, while Lieut. Commander Ronald Evans orbits above them. They are scheduled to return to earth on Dec. 19. Then, what President John F. Kennedy called "great, new American enterprise" when he launched the Apollo program in 1961 will finally be over.



APOLLO 17 ON WAY TO PAD

"It's sad."

from the moon, we can convey that this is just the beginning of man's movement into an infinity of time and space."

A short distance away, a man who helped the original vision come true parted the curtains in his office and watched the gleaming rocket. "It's sad," said Kurt H. Debus, director of the Kennedy Space Center. Now 63, Debus began firing rockets that were little more than firecrackers with Wernher von Braun in Peenemunde in the 1930s. The idea of landing a man on the moon in those days was barely a dream. Debus has been in charge of every manned launch conducted by the U.S.; there has never been a failure. He recalls with a certain humor that an Army general

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MIDDLE EAST

The Israelis' Secret Peace Initiative

ISRAEL last week was on the diplomatic offensive for the first time since the Soviet military advisers were expelled from Egypt two months ago. That sudden and historic expulsion left Israel militarily supreme in the Middle East, and therefore able to risk making a generous peace offer. At the same time, Israel could no longer cite security as a reason for hanging on to the territory taken from the Arabs during the 1967 Six-Day War: it thus faced the possibility of international pressure to return the land to its rightful owners. Israel cautiously waited before making its move, but it has now responded on both counts. It has made a secret offer to Cairo that includes, for the first time, a map detailing what Israel sees as a near-final border between the two countries.

Though the State Department disclaimed knowledge of any new proposal, the plan was quietly transmitted to Cairo by American intermediaries two weeks ago, accompanied by an Israeli suggestion that secret negotiations should begin immediately between the two countries. As of last week, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat had not responded to the message, which could mean that Cairo was seriously considering the offer.

Israel's proposal provides for withdrawal from large areas of Egypt—more in fact than the Israelis have ever before indicated they might be willing to give up. It would hand back to Egypt more than two-thirds of the Sinai peninsula (see map), restoring the 1949 Israeli-Egyptian armistice line along much of the northern border. Israel would keep the Gaza Strip and a large share of the mountainous southern Sinai, in a triangle bordering the Gulf of Aqaba from Elath to Sharm el Sheikh. At least as the Israelis envisioned it, the Egyptian portion of the Sinai would be demilitarized. As of last week, the Israelis had not decided what legal status they should seek for the Sinai territory they expect to retain—whether it should be annexed or occupied, or even leased from Egypt.

Extra Prize. Israeli strategists had endorsed the plan on the grounds that such a settlement would give their country ample security. The southern Sinai would in effect be turned into an Israeli military bastion; the strategic military installations built there since 1967 would be left intact. From their southern stronghold, the Israelis could maintain a defensive radar watch over the area returned to the Egyptians, including the Suez Canal. The Israelis would also be left in full control of the Sinai's

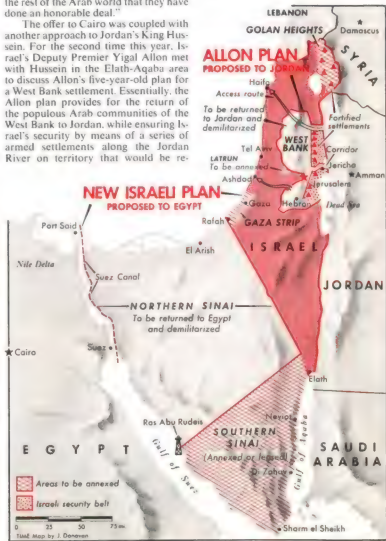
Red Sea coast, thereby ensuring the safety of their southern sea lane. Moreover, the plan would secure to the Israelis a prize not at all connected with security: the oilfields at Ras Abu Rudeis.

As the Israelis see it, their proposal offers the Egyptians several concrete concessions. It would allow the Suez Canal to be reopened and leave the Egyptians free to develop the northern shore of the Sinai as far as Rafah, a region the Israelis have been eyeing for new resort communities. The exact eastern border would be subject to negotiation. As one Israeli Cabinet minister put it: "They have something solid here with which to convince both their people and the rest of the Arab world that they have done an honorable deal."

The offer to Cairo was coupled with another approach to Jordan's King Hussein. For the second time this year, Israel's Deputy Premier Yigal Allon met with Hussein in the Elath-Aqaba area to discuss Allon's five-year-old plan for a West Bank settlement. Essentially, the Allon plan provides for the return of the populous Arab communities of the West Bank to Jordan, while ensuring Israel's security by means of a series of armed settlements along the Jordan River on territory that would be re-

tained by Israel: eleven settlements have already been built, five of which are armed. The latest version of the Allon plan incorporates some proposals advanced by Hussein himself in previous discussions with Israeli leaders, including Premier Golda Meir, whom he met last March.

With Israel keeping its strongholds on the River Jordan, the West Bank region would be demilitarized and returned to Jordanian civil administration. To make Israel's highways between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv more secure, the frontier would be moved back in the vicinity of Latrun. The plan



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*Latest reported crime figures (first quarter 1972) show declines for six of these seven cities when compared to first quarter 1971 results. However, full year 1971 reports are substantially higher than data reported five years ago (1966). Some data remains unchanged when crime rates reported across geographical people are compared.
Source: Based on data from the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Bureau of the Census, U.S. Department of Commerce.

THE WORLD

does not offer a compromise on the most serious issue that divides Israel and Jordan, the future status of Jerusalem, because the two sides remain hopelessly deadlocked on the question. Syria's Golan Heights would simply be retained by Israel, which has already built 17 settlements there.

Israel's inner Cabinet wrestled with the proposal throughout August. Halfway through the month, the government decided to ask a committee of top military and security officials to make a survey of the occupied territories—principally the Sinai—and report in detail on the maximum concessions that Israel could afford to make without compromising the security of its frontiers. The proposal was the result, but it was made without the endorsement of Defense Minister Moshe Dayan.

Even before the Cabinet's peace plan was transmitted to Cairo, Dayan began pushing a rival plan of his own—one that would retain considerably more territory for Israel. Dayan would maintain Israel's rule over the West Bank. In the Sinai, his proposed dividing line would run from El Arish in the north to Sharm el Sheikh. In recent weeks, Dayan's ministry has drawn up a plan for a new port community of 250,000 just north of El Arish. When questioned about this scheme at a Cabinet meeting last week, Dayan replied that it was not "operational," and that he himself had reached no conclusion about it. Premier Golda Meir—making no secret of the current tension between herself and Dayan—told the Cabinet that she had first heard of the Defense Minister's idea from the newspapers.

Eventual Contest. Dayan obviously stood to gain in political popularity as the minister who wanted to retain more of the occupied territories than his colleagues did. That popularity might help him in any eventual contest for the leadership, but it comes at the cost of isolating Dayan from his senior colleagues in the Cabinet. Evidently troubled by the thought, Dayan told Foreign Minister Abba Eban—a rival for the leadership—that he would be "ready to serve" in any government Eban might form.

By making their offer (and even drawing a map, which they had always insisted they would do only after face-to-face negotiations), the Israelis had neatly put the onus of response back on Sadat. The offer was far from meeting his stated demand that Egypt must regain sovereignty over all of its territory before a peace agreement can be concluded, and it was questionable whether Sadat could even negotiate on the basis of Israel's proposal and survive in power. But by making the proposal, the Israeli government had probably gone about as far as it could without seriously eroding its own domestic support. And for the moment it had also helped to deflect international criticism over its determined grip on the occupied territories.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Rolling Backward Again

The war in Viet Nam admits to many analogies, but perhaps the most apt is that of Sisyphus, the mythical Corinthian king who was condemned forever to roll uphill a huge stone that constantly rolled back. So it is with the South Vietnamese.

Five months after they managed—with U.S. airpower—to stall the Communists' Easter offensive, they have not yet mounted a successful counteroffensive or recaptured Quang Tri city or any other significant part of the northern province that fell in April and May. They have not reopened Highway 13 between Saigon and An Loc, and the task was finally abandoned altogether last week as the two divisions assigned to it were regrouped in an effort to head

misses the point that the North Vietnamese military position in the South is vastly better than it was a year ago and is virtually unchallenged in Laos and Cambodia."

The North Vietnamese have not captured Hue or any other major city except Quang Tri, which they have successfully defended for two months with a constant artillery barrage against some of Saigon's best troops. Instead, they have been fanning out over the countryside and expanding their area of operation. The North Vietnamese have been relying primarily on the use of small units, though their soldiers are frequently supported by tanks and long-range 130-mm. guns. In many sections of the Mekong Delta, as a result of steadily mounting pressure from the small units of Communist troops, security for civilians loyal to the government has all but vanished. In consequence,



SOUTH VIETNAMESE TROOPS NEAR FIGHTING NORTH OF SAIGON

The North's wormmaking ability remained intact.

off Communist units that are believed to be moving toward Saigon. The North Vietnamese are still staging ambushes on the road between Kontum and Pleiku in the Central Highlands, and there is sharp fighting in Binh Dinh province on the central coast. Worse still, the South Vietnamese suffered a major defeat three weeks ago south of Danang in the Que Son Valley, losing between 1,000 and 2,000 men.

Most knowledgeable observers in Saigon do not believe that Hanoi's current tactics are tied significantly to the U.S. presidential elections. "The U.S. assumption that the North Vietnamese leaders are worrying primarily about whether to deal with Nixon or wait for the outcome of the election seems chauvinistic from here," reports TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief Stanley Cloud. "It

B-52s have been pounding the Delta, long the showcase of the government's pacification program.

The bombers come mostly from Utapao Air Base in Thailand, which last week opened its gates for a conducted tour by newsmen for the first time since it was built in the mid-1960s. Correspondent Cloud, who accompanied the tour, reported that "there is no hint of war here. The 8,000 airmen work an eight-hour day and then are free to loll at poolside or watch a movie. For the most part, they appear uniformly clean-cut and middle-class. 'It seemed a good place to learn my job and advance my career,' said Captain Claude Hamilton, 28, of Waco, Texas." Asked about the dangers to civilians in the use of B-52s to bomb the heavily populated Mekong Delta (see box, next page), the crew-

Dinh Tuong: Hell in a Small Place

The South Vietnamese are no strangers to bombing. Since 1966, an estimated 65% of all American bombs have been dropped on the South, making the mighty B-52 an object of dread and fear. The giant bombers, silent and invisible at 30,000 ft., are first announced by the whistling of scores of falling bombs. On contact, the strike shakes the earth for miles around, raising a holocaust of dust, smoke and debris. Well-dug-in guerrillas can frequently survive an attack, but a peasant in his field has little chance.

Though most attention in recent weeks has focused on the air war over North Viet Nam, there has also been a dramatic step-up in the bombing of the South. In the single month of July, American B-52 bombers flew 900 missions over South Viet Nam—111 missions more than were flown in all of 1971. For the first time the big B-52s, flying out of Thailand's Utaapao Air Base are striking the heavily populated Mekong Delta. With ARVN forces deployed elsewhere to counter the North Vietnamese offensive and unable to cope with the growing enemy threat in the Delta, the U.S. has apparently decided on a policy of massive and calculatedly destructive airpower as a substitute for manpower.

The most heavily hit region of the current campaign has been Dinh Tuong province, where 600,000 Vietnamese, mostly small farmers, are crammed into a tiny area one-third the size of Rhode Island. In the past two months, American planes have flown more than 125 missions over Dinh Tuong—an average of more than two a day. Each mission is composed of anywhere from three to 36 B-52s, each plane is loaded with 30 tons of bombs. A few of the victims at present in Dinh Tuong Hospital:

► A 14-year-old peasant boy is rushed into the emergency room. Half of his left arm has been blown away and the other half is wrapped in a blood-dripping bandage. Three hours earlier, he had been walking his family's water buffalo in an open field when B-52 bombs rained down near by.

► Bui Van Si, a 58-year-old rice farmer, was cutting rice with ten other men in Sam Giang district several weeks ago. About 11 a.m. several B-52s dropped bombs in the field. Eight of the men were killed outright. Only Si and one other made it to the hospital. "I heard nothing," he says. "Then the loud, shaking sound of the falling bombs. I dived. The others were killed instantly."

► Le Van Du, 12, resembles an Egyptian mummy, wrapped from head to foot in bandages. The boy's father says that there had been fighting in the area three days before, but after the soldiers passed, he allowed his son to leave the house. The boy was walking in a

field near home when the bombs fell.

The U.S. maintains that civilians are not being bombed in the Delta. But last week Tom Fox of TIME's Saigon bureau paid a visit to Dinh Tuong province. He found that in fact the bombing has claimed numerous civilian casualties. When they heard Fox inquiring about the bombing, more than a dozen other patients came forward to offer the names of civilians and villages that have been struck. "The bombs are falling everywhere, and the civilians are getting killed," one woman said.

Officials do not categorize each kind of "war-related" casualty that enters the hospital, so no accurate count of bombing victims is possible. But a spot check by the head nurse revealed that patients from eleven different civilian bombing incidents—many involving multiple deaths—were recovering in two of the hospital's largest wards. To be sure, the bombing victims represent only part of the war casualties. Others are suffering



WOUNDED BOY AFTER BOMB ATTACK

from mortar wounds. Communist-fired B-40 rockets and AK-47 rifles; some do not know what hit them.

But the B-52 bombing adds an entirely new dimension to the fighting in the Mekong Delta. A high-ranking U.S. military official, who refused to be named, said that he knew of "no B-52 civilian casualties"—though he later admitted that there might be a few. His office is right across the street from the hospital. The officer insisted that intelligence for the plotting of B-52 raids was good, then added, incredibly, that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong had recently broken contact in the province, and that no one really knew where they were. In the American effort to eliminate this elusive, wandering enemy—numbering 5,000 by the officer's estimate—the bombs are dropping night and day on the friendly Vietnamese of Dinh Tuong, who can only do their best to stay out of harm's way.

men insisted that if mistakes are made, it is the responsibility of faulty intelligence, not of the planes and the equipment aboard them.

U.S. officials in Saigon believe that the Communists are preparing for a series of attacks on "targets of high visibility," perhaps including sapper assaults on the capital. At least one ambush has taken place on Highway 13 south of L. at Khe only 35 miles from the capital. Highway 4, along which most of Saigon's farm supplies are shipped in from the Delta, has been repeatedly cut in the past six weeks.

The Communists' relative strength in South Viet Nam demonstrates that North Viet Nam's war-making capability remains intact despite the most intensive U.S. bombing of the war and the mining of Haiphong and six other harbors. The North Vietnamese are suffering from shortages and disruptions, but they have given top priority to three vital elements of war: armaments, ammunition and fuel supplies. By Washington estimates, they are importing more than 25% of these needs by makeshift means. A third plastic pipeline, for example, has reportedly been completed to the Chinese border. As one U.S. intelligence official notes, "It's awfully hard to put a plastic pipeline out of action—it can be repaired in a couple of hours. The entire country has been mobilized, elderly men and women too, and they carry the stuff on their backs where there are no trucks or where trucks cannot pass."

The North Vietnamese received a boost early last week—though perhaps only a psychological one. A 270-ton Chinese minesweeper appeared in Haiphong harbor, after having apparently made its way through shallow intra-coastal waterways at high tide. U.S. officials doubted that the vessel represented the first step in a Chinese effort to open up the harbor. More likely it was only a symbolic mission for the benefit of the North Vietnamese—aimed at showing up the Soviets, who have a fleet of more than 300 minesweepers but have not tried to cross the American minefield.

UGANDA

Flight of the Asians

Uganda last week was a country increasingly gripped by hate—and fear of what might happen next. The nation's Asian community was broken apart as 50,000 of its members who hold British passports prepared to depart in a mass expulsion ordered by Uganda's dictator, President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin. He in turn was becoming increasingly frenetic, creating nine new provinces on one day, firing 29 of the country's top police officers on another. Most of the army remained under control, but drunken soldiers went on rampages in the provinces. About a dozen European



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BLACK UGANDANS CELEBRATING

A frenetic, unpredictable dictator, an unwanted community in a nation gripped by fear.



UGANDA'S PRESIDENT AMIN



ASIANS IN IMMIGRATION LINE

and American tourists were beaten, and Pierre Shostal, the newly appointed U.S. deputy chief of mission in Rwanda, and his wife were roughed up and threatened as they crossed the border on their way to their new post.

Amin himself was more than usually unpredictable. He declared that tiny Rwanda was harboring thousands of Israeli agents bent on sabotaging his regime; Rwanda nervously asked Belgium for help in case it was invaded by Uganda. At home, Amin ordered a ban on teen-agers' dances and announced that men should bow to him before stating their business, and that women should kneel.

Uganda's Asians meantime made preparations for what had become a flight as much as an expulsion. In talks with TIME Correspondent John Blashill, several of the Asians described their dilemma: "There is nothing left for us here," declared an Asian doctor—one of those exempt from Amin's expulsion order. Said a millionaire businessman: "Money is not our concern. What is money? It is sand flowing through the fingers. If we lose everything, we can start again somewhere else, on another beach." An Asian schoolteacher agreed. "My classes are 95% African," he said. "They are being told to hate the Asians. How can I stand up in front of them in the classroom? It is a question of respect." The Asians' fears deepened as reports reached Nairobi, the capital of neighboring Kenya, that Ugandan soldiers had shot 16 Sikhs near the border two weeks ago.

Outside the British High Commission office in Kampala, there were two lines of Asians last week. One was for those with British passports whose applications to go to Britain had been approved, the other for those who thought that they were Ugandans until last month, when their citizenship was de-

nied by the government. Amin had originally promised the country's 23,000 Asians who are Ugandan citizens that they were not affected by the expulsion order; then he declared that they too would be forced to leave "because of acts of sabotage and arson." Later he reversed himself again and said that the citizens could stay on if their papers were in order—a strong hint that many more would be deprived of their citizenship for technical reasons. By last week Amin was suggesting that the country's 11,000 European residents (mostly Britons) would be the next to go.

Welcome Nowhere. Despite the Asians' distress, Amin's decision was obviously popular with the country's 10 million Africans, who generally resent the Asians for their relative—if still modest—wealth, their clannishness and sharp business practices, and their historic stranglehold on the wholesale and retail trades. "The British brought the Asians here to exploit us," cried one African speaker at a demonstration in Kampala. "They keep us in economic slavery." Amin himself accused the Asians of everything from sneaking money out of the country to keeping their account books in Hindi and Gujarati to confuse tax collectors. "If even I associated with Asians," shouted Amin, "I would be rejected in a minute."

Amin's critics have charged that the emotional President is trying to mask his own shortcomings by exploiting his black countrymen's traditional prejudice against the Asians. Since he seized power 18 months ago, for example, Amin has driven Uganda to the verge of bankruptcy, mostly through an excess of military spending (reportedly \$90 million last year, v. \$20 million in 1968-69). Now his decision to expel the Asians, who pay a large share of the country's taxes and employ tens of thousands of Africans, will cause incalculable

disruption to the nation's economy.

The plight of the Asians is worsened by the fact that they are not really welcome anywhere. Since 1968, Britain has maintained a harsh quota system to control the entry of East African Asians, even though they are British subjects; at present the number is limited to 3,500 heads of household annually, plus their dependents. Some are legally entitled to go to India or Pakistan, but few are anxious to do so. "Britain may have a million unemployed," remarked an Asian mechanic in Kampala, "but in India they are dying of hunger."

Despite the quota system, the British government is reconciled to the idea of accepting the majority of the expelled Asians—thereby increasing Britain's Asian population from about 600,000 to as high as 650,000. The decision has already raised the level of domestic racial tension. A crowd of angry protesters swarmed on Whitehall two weeks ago, chanting "Keep Britain white!" and "Two, four, six, eight, we don't want to integrate!" Prime Minister Edward Heath courageously insisted that Britain would live up to its obligations, but he plainly hoped that other countries could be persuaded to take a few of the Asians off Britain's hands. So far, only Canada has volunteered to help, agreeing to take about 5,000 of the displaced Asians.

In the meantime, the British government—which last week finally cut off aid to Uganda, freezing a \$24.5 million interest-free loan—arranged for seven British airlines to cooperate in the massive airlift that was to begin in mid-September. But the plan was upset by General Amin's outrageous assertion that the Asians should be carried out of Uganda by East African Airways, which is jointly owned by Uganda, Kenya and Tanzania. The airline, which is far too small to handle such a massive



YOUNG BOYS TAUNTING SCOTS GUARDSMAN

operation on its own, was said to be considering a plan to charge \$274 apiece to fly the Asians to Britain—or about \$106 per passenger more than the British lines had planned to ask.

NORTHERN IRELAND

"You Can't Shoot Kids"

The agony of Northern Ireland is generally dated from the sectarian riots of August 1969, when 300 British troops were airlifted in to restore order. Since then, by British army estimate, there have been 2,200 bomb explosions, an average of more than two a day, and 541 deaths. Ulstermen have had to accustom themselves to the surrealistic world of urban guerrilla warfare, violence has become almost as common as shepherd's pie, and assassination squads move through Belfast with ease. *TIME* Correspondent William Rudenackers called these impressions of a city that has in many ways become accustomed to horror. His report:

The scars of three years of bombing and shooting are obvious in the charred remains of buildings and the panorama of stores and shops with boarded fronts—and more subtle in the reaction of the people. Many quickly take advantage of "bomb salvage" sales, shopping behind barricades of wire and submitting to body checks at street corners. They have even formed their own vocabulary for what is happening around them. A building is not bombed: someone "puts the touch" to it. An army patrol becomes a "duck patrol" because the British soldiers, nervously lingering their weapons, walk the streets like sitting ducks. People who are murdered in their homes get "the midnight knock," while those killed in demonstrations are victims of "an aggro," meaning an aggravation. The conflict itself is called, with simple eloquence, "the troubles."

Urban life stutters along, but only barely. "You can't really enjoy a film when you are called out of the cinema three times for a bomb scare," observes one laconic citizen. Most pubs downtown now close at 6 for lack of business. The restaurants and movies are largely empty. People tend to lock themselves up in the ghettos that mark the residents as Protestant, Catholic or Jewish. "Like everyone else," says Shipyard Worker John Bleakley, "we stay at home at night with our own kind and don't answer the door."

There is one group of city dwellers who do not stay at home—the children. They move through the town like the mob in *Lord of the Flies*, carrying hate on their young-old faces like a bold banner. They wait for soldiers on street corners, flinging crisp insults: "Limy pig, soldier baastids. Up yours," and then bricks and rocks. "You can't shoot a kid, can you?" says a soldier wearing a flak jacket with the inscription CS is a

GAS, a sick pun. "But I know a couple I'd like to ship," meaning deport them.

In truth, the children of Northern Ireland are what one British colonel calls "the most depressing thing about this depressing place." "There is nothing to be done with them," says Mrs. David Brennan, "except get them out of here. When my three-year-old son came in from stoning soldiers, I knew we had to go." The Catholic Brennans are leaving and so are thousands of others. This emigration, unlike earlier ones, is made up of skilled workers and professional people, Protestant as well as Catholic, who are leaving because they see no future in Northern Ireland. "The people who are going now," says Hugh Wells, a Protestant telephone worker, "are the ones who can afford to leave. I can afford it, and I'll be gone before Oct. 1."

Perfect Place. Like everyone else, the 21,000 British soldiers here have learned to live with urban guerrilla warfare. Initially unhappy about their role as men in the middle, army officers are now using Northern Ireland as a training ground for what they believe will be the wars of the future. In his book, *Low Intensity Operations*, British Brigadier General Frank Kitson expresses the belief that internal subversion and civil war, rather than orthodox international war, represent the true dangers ahead. He believes that Northern Ireland is a perfect place to learn.

The army here is now experimenting with various methods of containing and combatting urban guerrillas in what one captain calls "very live circumstances." The six counties have become a testing ground for new weapons, such as rubber bullets, and new tactics, such as blocking off the centers of towns. One sees here the same enthusiasm as in the early days of the Viet Nam War, when the American Army was so eagerly experimenting with new weaponry and its own schemes for combatting guerrillas. One sees here also early signs of the same frustrations. The army has discovered that its vehicles are unsuitable for city warfare, that its men are untrained to handle hostile civilians, that it cannot prevent the "ultras" on both sides from moving through the cities like fish in a friendly sea. Still, at least the officer corps of the army has found that it can live with the situation. "This has become the duty in the British army," said a colonel who has served in Ulster for nine months. "Nobody wants to miss it."

FRANCE

The Surname Game

What's in a name? In France, plenty of legal trouble—if the name happens to be one that French law finds distasteful. Last week every Frenchman with an infelicitous name seemed to be protesting the case of Gérard and Paulette Frognon, a middle-class couple from the town of Le Mée-sur-Seine southeast of



CHILDREN AT STREET FIRE IN BELFAST

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Paris. Recently a three-judge court in nearby Melun ruled that the Trognons could not bestow their name on their three-year-old foster son Philippe. The court did not object to the couple but only to their surname, which means stump or butt end. A name like that, said Chief Judge Maurice Rousseau, would be "an handicap" that would make poor Philippe "a butt of jokes" for the rest of his life.

Names have been a matter of high national policy in France since 1539, when King François I decreed that the names of all newborn children had not only to be registered but also submitted to priests for approval, which usually meant that the names had to be chosen from the saints' hagiography. Still, by 1803 the proliferation of names was such that a law was enacted strictly limiting the selection of first names to those of the saints or of Greek, Roman or biblical origin. Charles de Gaulle loosened the names policy somewhat in 1966, but French law still explicitly allows and even encourages Frenchmen to change surnames that are considered to reflect poorly on France and the French.

Sage Reminder. What sort of names? In 1967 the French Council of State set out some guidelines intended to help Frenchmen decide if they had a *nom ridicule*—a ridiculous, insulting or otherwise unappealing surname—that they could legally change. In the field of animals, from which a number of French surnames are taken, a Monsieur Duck, Cow, Camel, Ass or Snipe would be allowed to change his name, but a Monsieur Ox, Bull, Goat, Nightingale or Leopard would not. Nouns such as tripe, cheese, cemetery and cuckold, and adjectives like hideous and ugly were frowned on as surnames; but unaccountably, villain and pimp were acceptable. The council also suggested that people with Jewish-sounding names, even if they were not Jews, should be encouraged to change them, the better to avoid "a repetition of the events of the last war."

French courts rarely attempt to force a name change—evidently with reason. The Trognons, who are appealing the Melun decision, have become a *casse célèbre*, rather than a butt of jokes. Gérard Trognon refuses to let Philippe keep his original surname. "How," he asks, "will he be able to answer the teasers who say he is not his father's son because of a different name?" Similarly Paulette stalwartly refuses to give up her married name; she loves to call Gérard "*mon petit Trognon*" at intimate moments. The couple has received letters of support from some 30 other Trognons throughout France in the past two weeks. *France-Soir*, the nation's largest daily, condemned the court decision as "inconceivable." *Le Monde* sagely reminded the judges that once upon a time schoolboys had made fun of the first name of a little Corsican named Bonaparte. He did not seem to find it an handicap.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

The Sporting Life

South Africa is finding itself hard put these days to keep its sporting citizens and their money at home. *Apartheid* laws forbid both miscegenation and public socializing between the races within the republic. Every kind of gambling except horse racing is banned. Even *Playboy* magazine is prohibited from sale or distribution under the Obscene Publications Act. The natural result of such strictures is that more and more South Africans are beating a path to three adjoining black states for fun and games.

First, the Royal Swazi Casino opened six years ago in the Kingdom of Swaziland's picturesque Ezulwini Valley. It proved so successful that Holiday Inns last year followed up with an-



GAMBLING AT BOTSWANA CASINO
Some are too ardent.

other hotel and casino in Lesotho, a tiny mountain kingdom completely surrounded by South Africa. Now the chain has opened a third casino at Gaborone, the dust-bowl capital of Botswana, which is located only 200 miles from Johannesburg.

The money from the casino-hotels (which amounts to \$5,000,000 a year in Swaziland alone) has proved a boon to the black states and their tiny national budgets. The only trouble is that some of the visitors have gone about their interracial socializing too ardently, and prostitution has become a problem. Swaziland's black administrators are also offended by the fact that some white South Africans have set up black mistresses in Swaziland and visit them frequently. The government is now considering a law that would "curb immoral sex" between local girls and visiting white South Africans. Such a law, pre-

sumably, would go beyond the usual prostitution laws. It would be difficult to draw up, though, without prohibiting interracial sex, much as South Africa's own strict morality laws do.

Chicken in the Air

When a Lufthansa Boeing 737 with 42 passengers aboard had to take swift evasive action to avoid being rammed by a U.S. Air Force Phantom over Rudesheim on a clear day last July, it seemed like one of the normal hazards of flying in West Germany's overcrowded airspace. But that same day a British airliner approaching Hamburg had a near miss with another jet fighter. Ten days later, another British plane was buzzed by an unidentified Phantom not once but three times, the last pass coming within 100 yds. That could hardly have been accidental.

The West German Air Traffic Controllers Association last week defied its country's official-secrets act and published a list of more than 100 dangerously near misses in the two months from mid-June to mid-August.

German air lanes are crowded not only by private planes and gliders but by the military aircraft of seven air forces. West Germany's own, the U.S., British, French, Dutch, Belgian and Danish. Commercial pilots have charged that fighter planes deliberately use passenger craft as targets for dummy runs, which is like playing chicken at the speed of sound. By refusing to allot more personnel and modern equipment to air traffic control, Bonn is playing a similar game of chicken with passengers' lives.

No Tanks

Over the years, the Japanese left has tried to express its opposition to the presence of American bases in Japan under the U.S.-Japan mutual-security treaty. All to little effect. Now the protesters have a more peaceful—and potent—tactic. Since Aug. 5, when a group of Socialist demonstrators sat down in front of a convoy of tank transporters hauling five U.S. M-48 tanks, the Army has been unable to move any armor into or out of its huge depot at Sagami, where military equipment is repaired for use in Viet Nam. Though some 200 tanks and armored personnel carriers are now bottled up in the depot awaiting shipment, Japan's tough riot police have not been called out against the protesters, who are after all only upholding the law: under local traffic regulations, which U.S. forces are bound to observe, the vehicles are too big to be moved without special permits.

Those permits are issued by local governments, many of them dominated by the opposition Socialists. The central government, with no legal right to step in, can only try to cajole the local authorities into issuing the permits and taking action against the demonstrators.

A Reporter's China Diary

Ever more self-confident, outward-looking and relaxed, China in recent months has invited dozens of foreign delegations to visit Peking. The largest was the 600-man group of Canadian businessmen, officials and journalists who were in China to stage the largest trade fair ever held by a foreign country in Peking. Canadian External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp led a delegation to the fair's opening and journeyed through the country for ten days. With the group was TIME's National Correspondent for Canada, James Wilde, who filed these notes:

DIPLOMATS in Peking categorically affirm that China wants to see President Nixon re-elected this fall. Reasons? Foremost is the fact that the Chinese know Nixon, respect him, and feel that they understand his and Kissinger's way of thinking and political philosophy; better the devil they know than the one they do not. Second, they feel that reactionaries in general are easier to manipulate. Third, Chou En-lai is reported to doubt whether McGovern can ever enact the reforms he has promised, even if he is elected. In particular, Chou is suspicious of the McGovern plan to withdraw American troops from Western Europe. If that happens, the Chinese reason, the Soviets may simply add five more divisions to the 45 they already have encamped along the Chinese border.

The rampant puritanism of the Cultural Revolution has given way to the resurgent folkways of an older Peking. One can see Chinese workers playing cards under the street lights in Peking, something unheard of not long ago. Mao badges, Mao statues and the little Red Book of quotations are disappearing from many public places. In the past couple of months, too, Chinese have been able to wash down their noodles in the myriad noodle bars of Peking, Shanghai and Canton with draft beer, a popular practice that almost ceased during the Cultural Revolution. Most of the restaurants are packed, since for the Chinese eating and drinking are among the few entertainment alternatives to such pious homilies as the ballet *The Red Detachment of Women*, even when, in its latest version, it has shed its heavy Mao-cult finale.

There are only two functioning churches in the whole of China, both of which reopened recently. The Protestant one, opened last Easter Sunday on a street opposite Peking's Tung Tan shopping center, is served by the Reverend Kan and his assistant, a 50-year-old deacon. A white-haired little old Chinese lady plays hymns on an upright honky-tonk piano. The hymns and the service are all in Chinese, even though the congregation is mostly European and only four members are actually Chinese.

I attended Mass last Sunday at the Roman Catholic church, which opened last November and is located in

the southwest corner of the old legation quarter. The Mass was celebrated entirely in Latin by the Chinese priest, who stood, gorgeously vested in a green and gold chasuble, with his back to the congregation in the old manner. A choir of one woman and four men sang Latin hymns. Again, the congregation was mostly European, with a sprinkling of Africans from Zambia and Tanzania and a few Chinese, among them a party member who said that he was "just checking."

Susan Stockwell, wife of Canadian Diplomat David Stockwell, finds living in Peking extremely cheap. She and her husband pay about 50 yuan monthly (\$22.22) for food bought in the local market. "We do buy some supplies from Hong Kong on a monthly basis, but you can get nearly everything you need here in Peking," she says. "But butter is expensive, \$2.50 a pound, and coffee, which you have to roast and grind yourself, also sells for \$2.50 a pound." Their monthly wage bill for a cook, a washing

and cleaning amah, and their baby's amah amounts to only \$151.

Mrs. Stockwell had her second child in Peking's Peace Hospital—it had been called the Anti-Revisionist Hospital before President Nixon's visit last February—where diplomats are permitted to have private rooms. Her problems began after she returned home. If she had not delivered a boy, she explained, "all the servants would have started to wonder about my husband's virility. As it was, they were scandalized that I came home after spending only three days in hospital. Most Chinese women spend ten days." When Mrs. Stockwell tried to take the baby for a stroll in the baby carriage, her cook barred the door; he explained that she should have stayed in bed at least one month before going outside. Now, she says, "our baby's amah actually wants to call a doctor every time the child gets a cold. So I have to fill a medicine bottle with water and give the child a few drops just to soothe her. I finally managed to persuade them to let me take the child out for a walk, and the amah even consented to do it too. She explained to the shocked amahs she met that this was the Canadian method of raising children." The total bill for all hospital expenses and medical attention came to \$34.

In Canton, I wondered why the city looked so familiar, with its crowded streets lined on either side by two-story arcades. Then I realized that Canton is the mother of all the Chinatowns across the world: Bangkok, Singapore, Djakarta, San Francisco, Vancouver—all have small or large copies of Canton. Most of the overseas Chinese came originally from Kwangtung province, and they naturally built replicas of Canton. The sights and sounds were the same too: the barred windows, the shops on the ground floor with the living quarters above, the little old ladies with their hair done in a bun, and the smells—all those sharp, sweet and sour smells of charcoal, spices, washing and cooking.



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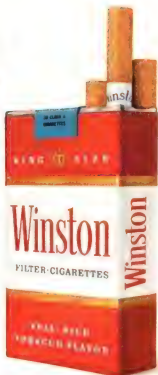
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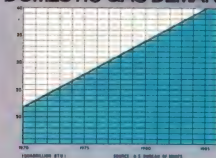
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Gas, clean energy for today and tomorrow

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION



PEOPLE

"If I had known how it would turn out, I never would have done it," Wan and weary, his voice nearly inaudible. Author **Clifford Irving** had a last few words with reporters before being led away to begin a 2½-year term at the Allenwood Prison Farm in Pennsylvania for trying to sell his fake "autobiography" of Howard Hughes. As to his future with wife **Edith** who still faces prosecution in Switzerland for her part in the fraud, he said: "I don't think any man can have assurances that his wife will be waiting for him after 2½ years in prison, but I think I have as good a chance as any man."

Into Moscow's Sheremetievo Airport flew **Angela Davis**, full of gratitude to the Soviet Union for helping her to win an acquittal of murder, kidnapping and conspiracy charges. Without the support of the Communists, Angela claimed, "I would not be free." After being greeted by **Valentina Tereshkova-Nikolayeva**, the world's first female astronaut, Angela praised "the solidarity of American blacks and other oppressed people of color and of the working class, which is developing a consciousness that will allow us to join the ranks of socialism." A meager crowd of about 200 people, bused to the airport for the occasion, threw flowers at Angela, and then she was chauffeured away in an official limousine.

It started with a "One-to-One Festival," aimed at bringing some 15,000 mentally retarded children to Manhattan's Central Park and providing each with a volunteer companion for a picnic. It ended with a fund-raising rock concert in Madison Square Garden that featured **Stevie Wonder** and **Roberta Flack**, plus one of the rare public performances by **John Lennon** (with **Yoko Ono**), who personally contributed \$60,

000 and then delighted the crowd with an imitation of **Elvis Presley** singing *Hound Dog*. Another star attraction was **Eleanor McGovern**, who said that she liked the concert but added: "Why does it have to be so loud? My God, it was loud!"

The Godfather blazed into London, attracting rave reviews and long queues at the box office. Nearly everybody wanted to see the film, but not everybody liked it—at least not **Sir John Gielgud**. "Couldn't bear it," sniffed Sir John to the *London Evening Standard*. "Ostentatious mixture of violence and sentimentality. Shocking reaction by the audience when I saw it in America. They screamed with joy when anybody was bumped off. Brando is terribly slow. Why didn't they choose **Edward G. Robinson** and have someone the right age? Marlon is very accomplished, but he slows up the picture—it is a terribly elaborate performance with all that cotton wool in his mouth."

Lorelei Lee, the wide-eyed adventures whose best friends are diamonds, is returning to Broadway. The story line will be updated—Lorelei is ten or 15 years older now—and Composer **Jule Styne** and Lyricists **Betty Comden** and **Adolph Green** will add a half-dozen new songs to their 1949 hit, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. The best news for Lorelei's admirers is that **Carol Channing**, who shot to stardom in the original musical version of **Anita Loos'** novel, will again play the lead during the 1973-74 season. "I loved Lorelei," said Carol, "and she deserves to be a living, breathing character again."

Columnist **William F. Buckley Jr.** was contentedly cruising off the Florida coast with his wife Patricia, son Christopher, two guests and two crew mem-



THE BUCKLEYS ON BOARD

bers when the motor of his 75-ft yacht *Cyrano* conked out, leaving him becalmed and helpless. Rescued by a Coast Guard cutter after several hours adrift, the group checked into a Miami marina for repairs to be made. "I'm grateful to the Coast Guard," said Buckley, momentarily adrift from his usual wit, "but I'm not too grateful to the guy who was supposed to have fixed my drive shaft."

Oh, **Aaron Burr**, what have you done?

You've shot great General *Hamilton*!

—Stephen Vincent Benét

After 168 years, the name of **Aaron Burr** can still cause a bit of outrage. Last month reporters in Washington's Treasury Department press room jealously put a plaque on their door, designating their quarters "The Aaron Burr Memorial Press Room," in memory of the Vice President who killed **Alexander Hamilton**, the nation's first Secretary of the Treasury. So many employees complained about the sign that it had to be taken down. Alan B. Wade, Deputy Special Assistant to the Treasury Secretary for Public Affairs, said he hopes to replace the Burr plaque with one honoring the most infamous newsmen in history—whoever that might be.

The crocodile was a man-eater, 12 ft. 7 in. long, and it had gobbled up at least three villagers in the wild Tana River area of eastern Kenya. At the moment, though, it was merely napping on the riverbank when along came **Bing Crosby** on a camera safari with his wife **Kathy** and his 15-year-old daughter **Mary Frances**. Mary Frances had a rifle, and she zapped the crocodile with a bullet right through the eye. "I'm getting the skin to make a pair of shoes and a pocketbook," she said.



THE LENNONS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Death in Newark

Newspaper competition in large cities has been shrinking steadily since World War II. Urban blight and the middle-class flight to the suburbs have dispersed both readership and retail advertising. Rising production costs are also forcing newspapers to merge with rivals or quit altogether. Already this year, Boston's *Herald Traveler* has been absorbed by the *Record American* and Washington's *Daily News* by the *Evening Star*. Last week it was the turn of the venerable Newark *Evening News*, for decades the biggest and best paper in New Jersey. Its death left Newark (pop. 382,000) the largest U.S. city with only a single newspaper, the morning *Star-Ledger* (circ. 344,000).

Though it operated in the shadow of the more prestigious New York City papers, the *News* sometimes rivaled

ished college. Nobody intimidated the *News*: when an advertiser once demanded a picture spread on his Christmas display window, the paper responded by running a friendly story on his chief competitor.

But the *News* fell victim to a common phenomenon in newspapering, the failure of heirs to build on the founder's achievements. Wallace Scudder started the paper in 1883, and before his death in 1931, he had raised it to excellence. By the late 1950s, two grandsons, President Edward Scudder and Publisher Richard Scudder, began to branch out into other business interests. Editorially, the paper began to lose its zeal when the decaying, racially troubled city most needed leadership. During the bloody Newark ghetto riots of 1967, *News* coverage was more conventional than courageous.

When Media General, Inc. bought

Along with its surprisingly accurate long-range weather predictions and other distinctive features, the 156-year-old *Turner's Almanac* has always carried a batch of snappy sayings that put down women. ("She's a human dynamo—charging everything." "Many a gal has made it to the top because her dress didn't.") This year, however, the ladies get a slightly better shake. Acting on a letter from a Maryland woman who complained about male chauvinism, Editor Ray Geiger has included in the 1973 edition a two-page article stressing women's intellectual equality and right to equal opportunities. Admits Geiger: "The belief that 'it's a man's world' quite evidently becomes less valid with every passing day and year." But old habits change slowly, and the new *Almanac* (circ. 4.5 million) still sports its share of sexist one-liners like "My wife leads a double life—hers and mine."

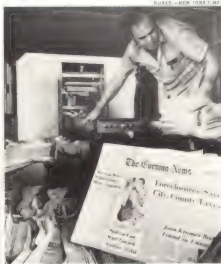
United Press International's foreign correspondents have often observed acidly to colleagues that UPI really stands for "underpaid internationally." The chronic complaint of low pay and long hours has caused four veteran American UPI staffers to precipitate a strike in the news agency's London bureau. The four make between \$185 and \$205 a week, not bad by British standards but far below the minimum of \$272 that UPI must pay journeymen in New York. They joined Britain's National Union of Journalists in a bid for shorter work hours, and when the N.U.J. called a walkout to support them, UPI fired 28 British staffers in the London office. With that, the union staged a full-scale strike and ordered all 17 UPI clients in Britain not to use any of the agency's copy or pictures. The deadlock continued at week's end, with UPI moving copy out of London by facsimile instead of teletype and using senior nonstriking staffers to report British news.

TIME Correspondent Samuel Iker could not believe his eyes when he saw "his" dispatch on Sargent Shriver's recent visit to Houston, a copy of which was routinely relayed back to him from TIME's New York headquarters. The first three paragraphs had been mysteriously amended to include such Shriver-serving phrases as "Shriver reminded his warm, attentive audience..." Retracing the path of the material, Iker recalled that he had originally entrusted it to a campaign aide for delivery to Western Union. When Iker protested to Shriver staffers, they checked into the matter and discovered that a middle-aged woman volunteer for McGovern had wielded a partisan pencil on Iker's file before she delivered it for transmission. She was promptly dismissed. "She was overzealous and naive," said the candidate's Washington press chief, Roger Twohey, "and terribly misguided as to what would help us."



"NEWS" PICKET LINE

After 89 years, a sad end for "the old lady of Market Street."



BUNDLING ISSUE THAT ANNOUNCED FOLDING

them in its heyday. In 1932 its city editor, Henry Coit, was the first to report that Charles Lindbergh had paid a ransom to the kidnaper of his son. *News* Correspondent Cecil J. Dorrian was the first woman to file dispatches from the front lines in World War I. Correspondent Arthur J. Sinnott had such a pipeline to President Woodrow Wilson that the capital press corps formally protested the long string of major exclusives. The paper's coverage of state and local affairs was tough and thoroughly competent. It staffed national and foreign stories with distinction. Editorials forswore with equal eloquence on disarmament or local garbage contracts.

The *News* was both proudly paternal and fiercely independent. When its aviation editor died the *News* kept sending his paycheck to his widow for nearly ten years, until their twin sons fin-

out the Scudders for \$24 million in 1970, it found the *News* overstaffed and losing money. Media General sought to fire 50 editorial employees for economy reasons, and the newly organized Newspaper Guild unit at the *News* called a strike in May 1971. It was the following April before the company could resume publication.

By then, readers and advertisers had drifted away in droves, never to return. Post-strike press runs of 138,000 were barely half the earlier circulation (267,000), and *News* staffers said that only about 70,000 copies a day were actually being sold. Losses were running at the rate of \$8,000,000 a year, and Media General had no alternative but to close down. It was a sad end for what had come to be known affectionately as "the old lady of Market Street"—just one day short of her 89th birthday.

The Nomadic American

*So far away doesn't anybody stay
in one place any more...
Travelin' around sure gets me
down and lonely...
Nothin' else to do but close my
mind...
I sure hope the road don't come
to own me...*

These lyrics, from a 1971 hit recording by Songstress Carole King, have struck a responsive chord in millions of Americans. That comes as no surprise to Social Critic Vance Packard. The song became popular, Packard believes, because it poignantly reflects the pain and yearning of a nation on the move. America has become a land of nomads, he says, a nation of men and women who are rootless, isolated, indifferent to community problems, shallow in personal relationships and afflicted with "unconnectedness and a lonely coldness."

Packard's indictment is detailed in *A Nation of Strangers* (David McKay; \$7.95), the seventh of Packard's commentaries on the American way of life. If the wide appeal of his earlier volumes—and of Carole King's song—is any indication, *Strangers*, published this week, may well be another bestseller.

Mobility is not new, and Packard did not discover it. The increasing industrialization of the U.S. has made moving easy, sometimes desirable and often necessary; thus the U.S. has long been a highly fluid society. That fact has been reported before, but only in bits and pieces. Packard is the first to fit the pieces together and assess their meaning.

The shifting population documented by Packard includes not only the obvious categories, such as military men and migrant workers, but also athletes, actors, long-distance bus and truck drivers, salesmen, construction workers and airline stewardesses. Blacks flee the inner cities, and whites flee blacks. People displaced by urban renewal or superhighways are forced to pull up stakes. So, very often, are executives transferred to distant cities; to many of its employees, IBM means "I've Been Moved." The aged migrate voluntarily, becoming "snowbirds" in the sunshine of Florida or California. The young leave home to escape their parents.

Mostly, those who move long distances are "the kind who ordinarily play the major role in holding the community together." Partly because those who stay behind "must settle for second or third best in leadership," social mobility

affects non-movers too. Even people who live in one house all their lives may become "psychological nomads, the turnover of people around them is so great that they find themselves with few close ties to friends, kinfolk or community."

Packard musters some extraordinary statistics:

- ▶ The average American moves about 14 times in his lifetime, compared with five times for the Japanese.

- ▶ About 40 million Americans (one-fifth of the population) change their addresses at least once a year.

- ▶ In many cities, more than 35% of the population move every year. In Great Falls, Mont., there is a school that annually loses 70% of its pupils and 30% of its teachers.

- ▶ The wives of many managers have had to move their households 20 times in the course of their marriages.

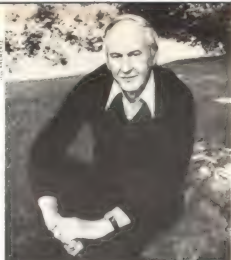
- ▶ Some 6,000,000 Americans now live in mobile homes. Even though these homes are not often moved, their occupants feel "a minimum commitment to both home and community."

- ▶ At any given time, half of the 18- to 22-year-olds in hundreds of towns are living away from home. Many of them never come back, except to visit.

All of this mobility, Packard believes, is destroying authentic communities and creating some monstrous non-communities. The U.S. now has 13,000 "pseudo towns based on shopping malls," efficient for merchandising but unsatisfactory as focal points for the rootless people who live around them. Trailer parks are not much better, even if they have names like "Chateau Estates": "No matter how you floss them up, most mobile homes are elongated metal boxes." Aerospace communities may look more attractive, but their ever-changing populations are often beset by infidelity and alcoholism (TIME, July 4, 1969).

Almost equally troubled, Packard

HITCHHIKERS IN NEW JERSEY



AUTHOR VANCE PACKARD IN CONNECTICUT
IBM means "I've Been Moved."

says, are the towns for "company gypsies." As an example, he points to affluent Darien, Conn., "a transfer town, a bedroom town—and a traveling man's town." Once a genuine community, Darien now frequently observes the traditional small-town amenities without preserving the old warmth. One long-time resident confided to Packard that while she still calls on new neighbors, she has recently done so only when she is sure they are not at home.

In Packard's view, mobility is often associated with both physical and mental illness. He also believes that the anonymity resulting from mobility fosters "nomadic values," especially hedonism and a tendency to live for the moment. Pointing to Stanford Psychologist Philip Zimbardo's experiments in which subjects show no reluctance to give electric shocks to strangers, Packard says that "people become more aggressive when they are in anonymous roles."

Although he deliberately avoids the fashionable term alienation because it is so often misused, Packard reports something akin to it: there seem to be increasing numbers of people who are indifferent to all close associations. Apparently they have what Harvard Sociologist George Homans calls a "lowered social capacity." This may have ominous long-range implications. "Loss of

MOBILE HOMES IN MINNESOTA



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BEHAVIOR

group membership in one generation," says Homans, "may make men less capable of group membership in the next. The cycle is vicious."

As Packard sees it, to break that cycle is the nation's most urgent task. America must "rediscover the natural human community" to which people can feel they belong. Among his proposals: 1) corporations must stop assuming that they have a right to move people around like chessmen; 2) a minimum-income program geared to regional costs is needed to cut migration of workers in search of more pay; 3) home ownership should be encouraged through subsidies to give people "a stake in living where they are"; and 4) open housing must be accepted to eliminate white moves to suburban sanctuaries.

Mobile Americans. In a preface to *Strangers*, Packard reveals that his concern about mobility springs from his own experiences. As a child in Troy, Pa., he knew everybody within four miles of his father's dairy farm. When Packard was nine, his father made a great leap—115 miles—to become farm supervisor at Pennsylvania State College. His goal: a college education, available at reduced rates to college staffers, for his children. That was a wise decision, Packard believes. But the uprooting was traumatic, especially for his father, who developed a familiar psychosomatic illness: colitis.

"Today," Packard writes, "the nearest relative to my home is 110 miles away." And because so many old neighbors have moved, Packard no longer feels the sense of community he craves.

Convinced that his sense of isolation was anything but unique, Packard began four years ago to apply his own special research techniques to the topic of mobility. Unlike social scientists, who generally assume a theory and then test it, Packard first assembled a miscellany of data. He read studies on mobility by social scientists and, in the absence of an adequate register of mobile Americans, devised his own sleuthing techniques. The best leads, he found, were telephone disconnect orders, because 98% of these are the result of moving plans. Most important, ex-Newspaper Reporter Packard traveled to 24 states and interviewed hundreds of sources. Only when he had amassed a dozen cartons of evidence did he begin evaluating it.

In the past, that method has produced Packard books that were criticized by some sociologists as unscientific. But Packard does not claim to be a scientist; he calls himself an observer and synthesizer. As such, he has sometimes been ahead of scientists in diagnosing the nation's ills, and he has often managed to influence those who do not read scholarly works. *The Waste Makers* and *The Naked Society*, for instance, did much to spur the protection of consumers and of the right of privacy. Similarly, perhaps, *A Nation of Strangers* may succeed in alerting the country to the hazards of mobility.

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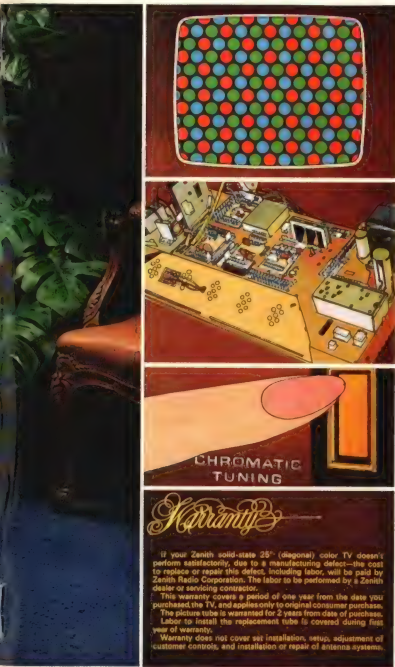
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ENVIRONMENT

Beleaguered Tower

Once, the skyscraper was the symbol of America's soaring ambition. Now it is becoming a new addition to the list of environmental dirty words. The criticisms range from dehumanization of cities to changing of weather patterns. Only Washington, D.C., has won the fight against height; it bans any building more than 90 ft. tall. Almost every other major city continues to build gigantic skyscrapers—New York its twin-tower, 110-story World Trade Center, Chicago its 80-story Standard Oil Building. Perhaps the most interesting of all, and among the most controversial, is the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.'s nearly completed headquarters in Boston.

A rhomboid-shaped, mirror-walled building, it rises 60 stories from a site on Copley Square and looms over the elegant, residential Back Bay district. As soon as the project was announced in 1967, local architects attacked it as a disfiguration of the whole area. The building's size—1.6 million sq. ft. of office space—seemed sure to destroy the charm and intimate scale of Copley Square, formed mainly by Charles McKim's stately, neo-Renaissance Public Library and H.H. Richardson's Romanesque Trinity Church. Boston officials urged Hancock to reconsider its plans, but the company threatened

to move out of the city entirely if construction permits were not granted. One apparent reason for its insistence: A competitor's tower, the 52-story Prudential Building, made Hancock feel like engaging in what one of the city government's chief planners angrily called "corporate assertion."

Once the digging began, new problems and complaints arose. Since Back Bay is all built on land that was reclaimed last century from the Charles River Basin—really a swamp filled with sand and gravel—digging into the unstable soil disrupted nearby areas. Streets and sidewalks rose and fell, sometimes as much as six feet, pinching and twisting telephone, electric and gas lines. Several water mains broke. As a result, the city and local utilities are suing Hancock for some \$4,000,000.

Hole Trouble. Even worse, say officials of Trinity Church, Hancock's hole caused the ground to shift so much that the church cracked in at least a dozen places. Hancock disputes the charge. Says Vice President Albert Prouty: "The ground is always settling. They cannot blame 95 years of aging on us." The Trinity congregation has endured other annoyances, however. Wind pressure popped several windows off the Hancock tower. A construction worker's water bucket plummeted through a stained-glass window. A doorframe fell into the chancel's roof. "First they overwhelmed us," said a Trinity parishioner last week. "Now they're trying to destroy us."

One of the ironies of the controversy is that the Hancock Building is great architecture—not only handsome but also respectfully mirroring its neighbors and enlivening Copley Square. Indeed, its architect, Harry Cobb of I.M. Pei & Partners, studied the square's history and decided that it was never a secluded enclave of culture, as commonly thought, but rather the meeting place of city-shaping forces. These include the six-lane Massachusetts Turnpike behind the square and a cluster of tall buildings near its uptown and downtown flanks. The Hancock Building thus had to be a high-rise to fit into, and escape the domination of, the new scale. From a distance, the tower actually helps to order the chaos of the city's bristling skyline.

Because the building recognizes the facts of Boston, most of its original critics now praise it. Yet other critics still complain that it will increase the densities of both people and autos. Since these are problems common to all skyscrapers, they raise the question of whether any more such supertowers should be built anywhere. C. Allin Cornell, associate professor of civil engineering at M.I.T., compares the skyscraper to the supersonic jets, and adds: "I can't think of any advantage."



TSUNODA (LEFT) AT WORK

Whale Watch

At any hour of day or night the summons may come. Then the young Nisei from California must trudge down to the waterfront in Japan and pitch in at one of the world's oddest jobs: measuring dead whales. "When the mountainous carcasses are cut up, the stench is stifling," says Lawrence Tsunoda, 28, a marine mammalogist from San Diego. "As for the pools of blood, well..."

Tsunoda and Los Angeles Zoologist Eugene Nitta, 24, were hired by the U.S. Department of Commerce this summer to record the sex and length of every catch towed to Japan's seven whaling ports and to send the data to the regulatory International Whaling Commission in London. Their object is to try to make sure that Japan's \$100 million-a-year whaling industry, the world's largest, does not violate international standards (no pregnant whales and none smaller than 35 ft. can be taken).

The Japanese say their whaling is essential. Whale meat accounts for 10% of Japan's protein diet. The blood and entrails are processed into pet food or fertilizer. The skin and bones end up as oil. Even the football-size testicles of sperm whales are boiled, sliced and served as a delicacy.

There is serious disagreement, however, on the number of whales that can be caught without endangering the species. Officially, the International Whaling Commission is supposed to preserve the species by setting quotas, but the organization has no effective enforcement power, and it routinely sets quotas that will satisfy the major whaling nations. Japan has the right to catch 15,700 sperm, sei and fin whales this year, almost half the world total (the few remaining blues and humpbacks are now "protected"). Last spring, the U.S. and Japan made a separate arrangement for the U.S. to monitor Japanese catches, but even now the U.S. observers will see only about 3,000 of the dead

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ENVIRONMENT

whales; the rest are processed on huge factory ships at sea. The Japanese-American agreement—unless it is revised following President Nixon's Hawaii talks with Japanese Premier Kakuei Tanaka—thus means little more than that Japan is willing to make a gesture to appease what Whaling Inspector Kineo Kegasawa calls America's "cry-baby environmentalists."

Fuel of the Future

How will man fill his future need for energy when the world begins to run out of readily accessible supplies of gas and oil? One answer now being investigated is hydrogen. It is an extremely efficient fuel that burns with almost no pollution, and the supply is virtually limitless in the water that covers two-thirds of the earth's surface.

The economics of energy production now limits hydrogen to a small role. To extract hydrogen from water or petroleum products with conventional electrolytic processes makes it cost about three times as much per unit of energy as natural gas. Of the 7 trillion cu ft produced annually, most is used in refining ores and in making ammonia. NASA powers its moon rockets with liquid hydrogen, but that is prohibitively expensive for use as a common fuel.

Scientists at the Common Market's Euratom research center in Ispra, near Milan, are working on a process that they say can cut the cost of hydrogen in half. This process subjects ordinary water to the 800° C. heat of a nuclear reactor. At such temperatures, the hydrogen and oxygen in the water begin to separate; each can then be combined with other chemicals and eventually extracted from them. Dr. Cesare Marchetti, head of Euratom's materials division, predicts: "By improving the technology through experience, we can push the costs of hydrogen fuel down by perhaps 5% to 10% annually." The era of cheap hydrogen will start, he thinks, by 1982.

Promising as the process sounds, it still involves certain risks. Many scientists oppose the proliferation of nuclear reactors, which create lethal wastes and might accidentally release disastrous amounts of radioactivity. The spread of reactors appears to be inevitable, however, in view of the increasing demand for power and the dwindling reserves of conventional fuels. Hydrogen also scares people who cannot forget the fiery end of the dirigible *Hindenburg* in 1937. Nevertheless, German industry daily pumps hydrogen through 185 miles of pipeline, and researchers at Oklahoma State University use it to power four experimental cars that produce almost no pollution. It even has been used to run the domestic appliances in the Institute of Gas Technology's experimental "Hydrogen House" in Chicago. As experience with hydrogen grows, researchers are betting that the fuel that thrust man to the moon will help him to live better on earth.

Unofficial Abortion

Science-fiction writers, stymied by the laws of physics, turn to such literary devices as time warps to make interstellar travel possible. Now women, physicians and population-control advocates, dismayed by most states' strictures against abortion, have developed a procedure that offers a similar semantic solution. In a growing number of clinics and doctors' offices, a technique called "menstrual extraction" is being used to terminate suspected pregnancies before conception has been confirmed. Therefore an abortion in fact is not an abortion officially.

Menstrual extraction is essentially a vacuum-aspiration method in which the fertilized egg, if present, and the uterine lining are withdrawn by means of a tube inserted through the cervix. It differs significantly, however, from similar procedures performed in clinics in New York and other states where abortion is legal. Vacuum aspiration, as usually done, requires dilation of the cervix under local anesthesia. Menstrual extraction requires little or no dilation in most cases. Instead, a thin (diameter: 4 mm.), flexible plastic tube, or cannula, is inserted through the cervix and into the uterus, and most of the uterine lining is then removed by means of suction or a specially designed syringe.

No Proof. Nor is this the only difference. Vacuum-aspiration abortions are generally performed between the eighth and twelfth weeks of pregnancy, when tests can establish whether a woman is in fact pregnant. Menstrual extraction is designed to be done no later than six weeks after the woman's last menstrual period, when proof of pregnancy by ordinary tests is sometimes difficult to establish. In theory, a woman whose period is overdue may request an extraction in order to induce her period. In practice, she is more likely to be terminating a suspected pregnancy. Tissue examinations show that between 50% and 85% of the women who elect to have extractions are pregnant.

The procedure itself is not new. Doctors have used a similar technique to obtain samples of uterine tissue for 50 years. Harvey Karmar, a Los Angeles psychologist, pioneered it as a less painful abortion technique ten years ago. Militant Women's Liberationists have been using menstrual extraction in small "self-help" clinics for more than a year as a means of preventing "male control" over their bodies.

Now, however, it is becoming medically respectable; more and more physicians are studying it as a possibly practical method of avoiding the legal and physical hardships of abortions done later in pregnancy. Dr. Julius Butler of the Harborview Medical Center in Seattle has performed nearly 100 extrac-

tions in the past several months, as has Dr. Edward Stim in New York. The procedure is also being done at Los Angeles County Harbor General Hospital in Torrance, Calif., and at several abortion facilities in New York.

Safety Record. Despite the growing popularity of the procedure, many have serious reservations about it. Dr. Robert Hall, a Manhattan gynecologist actively involved in efforts to liberalize abortion laws, warns of possible infections and other complications. Others oppose it on religious and legal grounds. Walter Trinkaus, a professor of law at Loyola University of Los Angeles, and past president of the 5,000-member Right to Life League of Southern California, says flatly that a menstrual extraction is an illegal abortion. The legality of the procedure has yet to be tested in any court.

Even doctors who endorse extraction warn against its being used repeatedly as a substitute for contraception. They also condemn the do-it-yourself approach as unsafe. But otherwise, extraction advocates, who note that there have been remarkably few complications in some 2,500 doctor-performed procedures, are enthusiastic. "It is a fine, simplified technique," says Dr. Lee Newman of Beverly Hills, Calif. "Since we have no real, definitive knowledge of pregnancy, a woman does not have to face all the conflicting emotions that go into that situation." Neither does she face the costs. The price for a vacuum-aspiration abortion in a New York clinic is \$125 to \$150. Menstrual extractions, which can be performed in a doctor's office in a matter of minutes, cost between \$30 and \$50.

The Blood Business

Anyone who needs a blood transfusion is already in physical trouble. Unless someone is willing to donate blood for him, he is likely to be in economic difficulties as well. Blood is in

short supply throughout the U.S., and it must often be obtained commercially at an ultimate cost to the patient of up to \$40 a pint. Even at high prices, such blood is occasionally tainted.

The reason for this shortage is not scientific but social. American hospitals have ample facilities for acquiring, storing and administering blood. What they lack is willing contributors of the raw material. According to officials of the 1,330-member American Association of Blood Banks, who met last week in Washington, D.C., voluntary donations from all sources* yield 85% of the 8.5 million pints of whole blood used in the U.S. each year. For the rest, blood banks must buy blood, sometimes from alcoholics and drug addicts desperate for a bottle or a fix. To satisfy the growing demand for plasma, a blood component used in emergency treatment, research and vaccine production, some companies have even gone abroad. Several American firms are buying plasma in Puerto Rico and South America and, according to unconfirmed reports, underdeveloped West African nations. One American-owned firm, Hemo Caribbean, buys blood for plasma from Haitian peasants who are so poor that they must sell the stuff of life in order to survive.

Contamination. The blood business is dangerous. Tests for hepatitis, a sometimes fatal liver ailment that is becoming increasingly prevalent among the group that sells blood commercially, are not always reliable. Dr. Charles Edwards, head of the Food and Drug Administration, believes that contaminated blood, most of it from commercial banks, is responsible for 1,500 to 3,000 hepatitis deaths in the U.S. each year.

New federal regulations will require the licensing of all U.S. blood banks and plasma suppliers, including those importing from abroad; the new rules, though not as strict as A.A.B.B. regula-

*There are three basic types of donations: the unrestricted gift to a blood bank, the donations for blood insurance through such groups as companies and organizations, and the donation to be credited to the account of a specific patient. Hospitals generally make no charge for blood from these sources, but may charge for processing.

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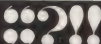
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MEDICINE

tions, may reduce the health risks somewhat. Even more promising is an AABH plan to eliminate the need for commercial blood. The association proposes that blood banks increase the supply of donor blood by offering such non-monetary rewards as arranging for donors to get transportation to hospitals, awards, or even prize coupons for participating in blood programs. The organization believes that such measures, together with an intensified promotion campaign, could meet 90% of the nation's blood requirements by 1974 and 100% by the end of 1975.

Judging by the experience of other advanced countries, that goal is plausible. Japan, Britain, France and Denmark have been able to rely solely on unpaid donors. The U.S. should be able to do the same. Only 3% of those Americans who qualify as donors now actually give blood. Four percent could provide all the blood needed in the U.S.

Deadly Powder

Dusted liberally over baby's bottom to prevent diaper rash, talcum powder is considered by most parents to be safe. That assumption is not necessarily true. There have been scattered incidents in the U.S. of severe skin rashes and even poisoning from powder containing dangerous ingredients. Last year doctors warned that a high asbestos content in talc could lead to lung cancer. French medical authorities in the 1950s blamed a talc accidentally laced with arsenic for killing 69 infants. Last week the French government indicted a talcum powder for the recent deaths of 28 babies. The suspected ingredient: hexachlorophene, an antibacterial agent that the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has found to cause neurological damage in laboratory animals.

This year's hazard was first discovered by a doctor in Charleville-Mézières, in France's Ardennes region. Dr. Jean-François Elchardus became alarmed at the sudden and seemingly inexplicable deaths of eight of 15 infants he had treated last spring for diarrhea and large swellings on the buttocks, to which powder had been applied. When he sent several baby products to a laboratory for analysis, tests showed that one of them, a powder called Bébé (baby), was rich in hexachlorophene. The chemical made up 6% of Bébé. (U.S.-manufactured cleansers contain no more than 3% hexachlorophene.)

Health officials, though unsure exactly what role the powder played in the Ardennes deaths and those reported elsewhere in France, confiscated supplies of the suspect preparation. They are also considering legal action against the manufacturer. The crackdown will protect infants from bad batches of Bébé, but offers no protection against harmful additives in other preparations. Like most countries, France has no laws controlling the contents of cosmetics and hygiene products.

MILESTONES

Married. Jimmie Fidler, 74, old-time Hollywood gossip commentator who began tattling his rapid-fire tales about the stars on radio in 1933; and Kathryn Davis, 57, a former secretary for Flying Tiger airlines, he for the sixth time. She for the second; in Reno.

Marriage Revealed. F (for Francis) Lee Bailey, 39, criminal lawyer with a penchant for headline cases; and Lynda Hart, 25, a charter airline stewardess, he for the third time, she for the first; on Aug. 26 in Des Moines, with Iowa Governor Robert Ray and Captain Ernest Medina. Bailey's erstwhile client and current business associate in attendance.

Died. Prince William of Gloucester, 30, bachelor first cousin of Queen Elizabeth II, former Foreign Office commercial attaché and ninth in line of succession to the British throne; of injuries suffered when the light plane he was piloting crashed during an air race, in Wolverhampton, England.

Died. Lale Andersen, 59, German cabaret singer whose sultry recording of *Lili Marlene* was a radio favorite on both sides of the battle lines during World War II, and who recently published her memoirs, *The Sky Has Many Colours* (TIME, Sept. 4); of a heart attack; in Vienna.

Died. Lewis ("Redd") Evans, 60, songwriter and music publisher who collaborated on such hits of the 1940s as *There! I've Said It Again*, *No Moon at All*, and that World War II harbinger of Women's Lib, *Rosie the Riveter*, in New Rochelle, N.Y.

Died. Angelo Cardinal Dell'Acqua, 68, Vicar General of Rome and former Vatican Under Secretary of State who was considered a leading candidate for the papacy in the event of Paul VI's retirement, of a heart attack; while leading a pilgrimage in Lourdes, France. The death of Dell'Acqua, one of the Pope's closest aides, was the second in the Sacred College of Cardinals within a month and the fourth this year, reducing its number to 116.

Died. Baron Magnus von Braun, 94, former German official and father of Rocketman Werner von Braun; in Oberaudorf, West Germany. The descendant of Prussian nobility whose genealogy reaches back to the 13th century, the baron served as press spokesman for both Kaiser Wilhelm II and the revolving-door governments of the early Weimar Republic. In 1932 he was appointed Minister of Agriculture by Chancellor Franz von Papen but retired from public life the following year when Hitler came to power.



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THE PLAN OF CONQUEST

The Task Force is focusing on these investigations:

- Research on viruses and cancer-causing agents
- Research and development of new drugs and combinations of drugs for leukemic therapy
- Attempts to adapt and strengthen resistance and immunity mechanisms of the body as an adjunct to present treatments
- Extensive studies of leukemic cells in tissue culture (test tubes)
- Analysis of cell to cell communications
- Development of improved methods of recognizing and treating the crises of bleeding and infection which complicate both leukemia and other cancers

The time will never be better to help put the puzzle together. If successful, this project will have world-wide applications, and will open the door to a better understanding of most other cancers.

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Baggy Britches

They have the elegance of long dresses but the ease of a pair of jeans. They fall handsomely over the clunky platform shoes that are so popular today. They are palazzo pants—wide-legged trousers that fit tightly at the hips but swell to bell-bottoms as much as five feet in circumference. The flowing material is often draped so widely that from a distance the eye cannot distinguish between a woman in a long gown and a woman in palazzos. Says Irene Satz, of Manhattan's Ohrbach's department store: "They don't look like pants, but they are."

Palazzos are already selling well in New York, Atlanta and Chicago, and are expected to be one of the most popular styles this fall and winter—even for women whose less than perfect figures have until now kept them out of pants. Unlike jeans, which tend to reveal everything, palazzos conceal everything, even fat hips, skinny thighs and thick calves. "They give a gal who has something to hide the place to hide it," explains Francine Farkas of Alexander's department stores in New York City.

But palazzos have their faults. In high winds, their flaring legs can flap like sails, tending to impede walking. "If a woman speeds around in them too quickly," says Los Angeles designer Jim Reva, "she'll trip on" the flowing hems. Palazzos also tempt women to pull the baggy britches on over their shoes, a procedure that can be dangerous. One Atlanta girl successfully got one shoe in but snagged the other on the voluminous hem and fell on her nose.



LEGGING IT IN PALAZZOS
Concealing what jeans reveal.

Highway Robbery

► When Mrs. James Hogged drove into a service station in Georgia, an attendant pushed the front of her car, told her that she had a bad shock absorber and that "if I had to stop suddenly, I might break a tie rod." She paid \$29.90 for a new shock absorber, plus \$5 for labor. Later, her father-in-law, a mechanic, inspected the old shock and told her that it was not only in perfect condition but that she had paid twice what she should have for the unneeded replacement.

► Reporters from the *Wall Street Journal* had a defective rotor installed in an otherwise perfect car and took the car to several Dallas auto repair shops. The one mechanic who fixed only the rotor charged \$1. Six others made unnecessary repairs, one charging \$54.60 for his services. Two other mechanics wanted the car left for even more expensive repairs, and one suggested a \$130 valve job.

These examples of auto repair swindles have a familiar ring to most Americans. They are typical of the many detailed by Attorney Donald A. Randall and Journalist Arthur P. Glickman in their new book *The Great American Auto Repair Robbery*, which will be published later this month by Charterhouse Books Inc. As the authors describe it, the auto repair industry is fraught with deceit at every level, from gas station attendants who surreptitiously puncture tires with a screwdriver to insurance estimators who take kickbacks from body shops to steer business their way. In a modern version of highway robbery, the authors contend, the owners of the 90 million registered automobiles in the U.S. are bilked out of \$8 billion to \$10 billion a year—or about \$1 of every \$3 that they spend to keep their cars running.

Randall, especially, knows whereof he writes: he was director of a four-year investigation of the auto repair racket for the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly. In that position he discovered that auto mechanics are, as often as not, incompetent hacks. None of the 50 states requires that automobile mechanics be licensed, says Randall, although "persons engaged in less life-and-death-related professions such as beauticians, barbers, and real estate agents generally must pass proficiency tests and be licensed in order to practice their trades."

The authors even have a word of caution about the professional-looking service managers who greet drivers at the entrance to the service department of auto dealerships: they are often paid by commission and thus have powerful incentive to recommend unneeded repairs. If their persuasive salesmanship



"Do you want our usual sloppy, lackadaisical tuneup or our Ralph Nader Special?"

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fails, they sometimes tack on unauthorized replacement orders. Many garages also make use of "flat-rate manuals" that list labor charges based on highly inflated estimates of the time it takes to do each job. If the repairs are finished in half the stipulated time, the fee remains the same—and the garage may hold the car against a "mechanic's lien" if the owner refuses to pay.

To minimize the chances of being swindled, Randall and Glickman suggest that motorists carefully follow the routine maintenance procedures outlined in the owner's manuals; that should lessen the need for major repairs. If such repairs become necessary, owners should avoid the repair services operated by new car dealers and franchise specialty shops in favor of long-established independent garages and individual mechanics who have proven their reliability.

Taking such precautions might have paid off for William Jeffrey Faren of Torrance, Calif. A few days after the springs and brakes on his 1965 Mustang had been repaired (for \$523) at a shop operated by one of the largest tire companies in the nation, he lost control of his car on a curve. The state trooper who investigated the accident concluded that "the brake bands were not seated...All four wheel cylinders for the brakes were leaking and it appears that some fluid other than the normal brake fluid was used...A pinhole leak was found in the 'Mag' wheel," which should have been detected during the mounting. This leak was probably a vital factor in the accident." Faren, unfortunately, was in no position to take legal action against the repair shop. He was killed in the crash.

*The supposedly airtight metal rim on which a tire is mounted.

The Spider Women

The Navajo blanket—mostly in the form of machine-made imitations—has long been a popular product for the tourist trade. Brightly colored, durable, it will serve to cover a grand piano or enliven a teen-ager's den. Only in recent years has it become apparent that the Navajos are a tribe of unusual vitality, and that the blankets they made during the 19th century express a remarkable artistic spirit.

To illustrate that spirit, Los Angeles Sculptor Anthony Berlant and Mary Hunt Kahlenberg, curator of textiles

ied Pueblo styles, but they soon developed their own. As early as 1795, Governor Fernando Chacón observed that "they work their wool with more delicacy and taste than the Spaniards."

Weaving was partly a religious ritual, accompanied by solemn chants. "Spider Woman instructed the Navajo women how to weave on a loom that Spider Man told them how to make," according to a Navajo legend. "The crosspoles were made of sky and earth cords, the warp sticks of sun rays, the heels of crystal and lightning..."

At the birth of a baby girl, a Navajo woman was supposed to find a spi-

der web and to rub it on the child's arm so that her fingers would never tire of weaving. When the girl grew of age, she began weaving between two upright trees, and she created her patterns without any kind of preliminary design. The magic tradition, according to Spider Man's message, "is yours to work with and to use following your own wishes."

Hunger. As the Navajos came increasingly in contact with roving traders, from whom they first acquired flannel-like red bayeta cloth in the 1830s, they began to weave more complex textiles known as "chief pattern blankets." To their traditional stripes they added squares, diamonds and zigzags. They worked proudly and boldly. "Even in early plain stripe blankets," say Berlant and Kahlenberg, "Navajo weaving had an aggressiveness that set it apart from its Pueblo model. [These blankets] have a force and color that is full and exuberant but always under control."

In 1863, Colonel Kit Carson led his New Mexico Volunteers against the still warlike Navajos. Vastly outnumbered by the 10,000 Indians, Carson avoided open battle and waged war by burning crops and homes. The Navajos surrendered. Then their conquerors marched them 300 miles to a desolate encampment at Fort Sumner, N. Mex., where many of them died of hunger and disease. Only after they vowed never to fight again were they permitted to return to a reservation on their former lands. The weavers resumed their work, but as Berlant and Kahlenberg put it, "the pride with which a blanket was woven and worn lessened."

With the coming of the railroad in 1880, trading posts sprang up throughout the Navajo territory. Traders supplied German-made Saxony yarns and synthetic dyes, and the Indians developed a series of new designs in which intense colors were juxtaposed against one another. The primary motif became a radiating diamond pattern of such bright colors that the blankets were called "eye-dazzlers." Pictorial representations—figures of horses and cows, bows and arrows, houses and trains—also came into fairly general use, thus breaking the long tradition of pure abstraction.

Toward the end of the century, as the Navajos' culture became increasingly dominated by that of the white man, the quality and originality of their blankets inexorably declined. The weaving became looser, the patterns standardized. More and more, blankets were produced solely for sale—often woven to order for merchants who specified the designs that were most in demand among their Eastern customers. Since whites had little interest in wearing blankets, the Navajos began to turn out living-room carpets and even pillow cases. Eventually, the trade in what had once been works of art became so commercialized that many Indians themselves wore blankets mass-produced by the white man. The message of Spider Man and Spider Woman had been largely forgotten.



NAVAJO BLANKET WEAVER SITTING WITH GRANDCHILD BY HER LOOM (CIRCA 1945)
They worked with sky and earth, crystal and sheet lightning.

and costumes at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, have brought together 81 strikingly beautiful Navajo blankets from public and private collections—including those of such artists as Jasper Johns, Georgia O'Keeffe and Frank Stella. This comprehensive exhibit of Navajo weaving has spent most of the summer in Los Angeles and will open later this month at the Brooklyn Museum, then moving on to Rice University, Kansas City and Hamburg, West Germany.

Magic. A nomadic tribe of warriors, the Navajos called themselves the *Dineh* ("People of the Earth"). In the middle of the 16th century, they migrated from what is now northwestern Canada to the American Southwest. There they first encountered horses and sheep—both brought to the New World by Spanish conquistadors. While the Navajo men hunted and raided, the women learned weaving from the tribe's more peaceful neighbors—and frequent victims—the Pueblos. At first they cop-

ied Pueblo styles, but they soon developed their own. As early as 1795, Governor Fernando Chacón observed that "they work their wool with more delicacy and taste than the Spaniards."

Weaving was partly a religious ritual, accompanied by solemn chants. "Spider Woman instructed the Navajo women how to weave on a loom that Spider Man told them how to make," according to a Navajo legend. "The crosspoles were made of sky and earth cords, the warp sticks of sun rays, the heels of crystal and lightning..."

At the birth of a baby girl, a Navajo woman was supposed to find a spi-



Chief Pattern Blanket, Transitional 2nd Phase, 1855-65

Eye-Dazzler, 1885-95



Eye-Dazzler, 1885-90

Chief Pattern, 2nd Phase, Woman's Type, 1860-70



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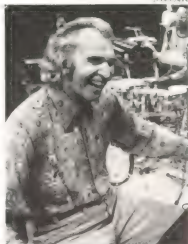
Poppa Dave

Back in the 1950s and early 1960s, college kids would no more have been without their LPs of Pianist Dave Brubeck's *Jazz Goes to College*, *Brubeck Time**, and *Impressions of Eurasia* than their paperbacks of *Steppenwolf* or *The Catcher in the Rye*. But five years ago Brubeck suddenly disbanded what was probably the most popular jazz quartet of the post-World War II era. He had earned his secure nook in history and was hankering after other accomplishments. For one thing, he wanted to compose serious music—and he soon turned out three major religious works, including *The Gates of Justice*, a Negro-Hebraic summons to brotherhood, and *Truth Is Fallen*, a lament for the victims of Kent and Jackson State premired by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in 1971. For another, he had been playing as many as 250 one-nighters per year on the road and he wanted to spend more time with his six children. He did that—and now the musical public is beginning to do so too.

Two Generations. The musical Brubeck brood ranges in age from Darius, 25, like his father a composer-pianist, to Charles, 11, no mean slouch on cello and piano. It includes Danny, 17, who plays drums in Darius' jazz combo, and Chris, 20, the leader of a rock group known as New Heavenly Blue. (Every family has its black sheep; among the Brubecks there are two: Michael, 23, a horse-trainer, and Sister Catherine, 18, whose ambition is to teach underprivileged children.) When the family gets together to perform, as happened recently at the Westbury Music Fair on Long Island, they are billed as Two Generations of Brubeck. But no gap is visible or audible. The Brubecks are in fact one of the best pop music shows on the road. Their program is essentially a series of casual entrances and exits in which each Brubeck has his moment alone in the spotlight, then mixes it up with the others. That includes Poppa Dave, who could not stand it on the sidelines and now fronts a svelte replica of the old Dave Brubeck Quartet.

*So named by Brubeck in honor of his *Time* cover story in 1954.

DARIUS, 25, AT PIANO



BRUBECK AT MUSIC FAIR
No generation gap.

Darius and his quartet offer a thinking man's kind of jazz, usually overlaid with intricate rhythms and marzipan harmonies from the Near and Far East. Chris and New Heavenly Blue display a crackling rock style deftly blending country, pop and jazz. Dave, now 51, plays with all the style and elegance of Van Cliburn summoning up memories of Meade Lux Lewis. But Jazz Great Gerry Mulligan's attacks on baritone sax are crisp and clean, and Brubeck and Mulligan bob and glide together like Astaire and Rogers doing the Big Apple. For a finale, Mulligan, the three Brubecks and nine assorted sidemen are likely to jam for wondrous minutes on something like Mulligan's *Tune for an Unfinished Woman*.

Later this month, Dave's quartet (augmented by Former Sidekick Paul Desmond) takes off for a four-week tour of Australia and Japan, not to pick up with the young Brubecks again until mid-October. Darius, meanwhile, will be writing some new material for the quartet. Chris will be playing with New Heavenly Blue on weekends, while also

CHRIS, 20, ON GUITAR



trying to raise a B average to an A at the University of Michigan, where he is majoring in music and the bass trombone. Danny will be deciding whether to stay in Darius' group or head south to the North Carolina School of the Arts.

Being the sons of a famous musician obviously has advantages, musical and fiscal, as Darius, Chris and Danny readily admit. But not always. Once, as a student aged ten, Darius had a contest composition rejected, because the teacher thought it had been written by someone more experienced. "Tell your father that was really a good piece," he said. That was doubly ironic. Dave Brubeck, even in the days of his study with Darius Milhaud, did not know how to read or write music.

Horning In

As a boy in early 19th century Belgium, Adolphe Sax was struck on the head by a brick. The accident-prone lad also swallowed a needle, fell down a flight of stairs, toppled onto a burning stove, and accidentally drank some sulfuric acid. When he grew up, he invented the saxophone.

Only a child that familiar with adversity, contend critics of the saxophone, could have foisted such a contraption on an unsuspecting world. A hybrid of the brass and woodwind families, the instrument is the perennial Cinderella of serious music. Its rich, sometimes dozing sound has never found a permanent place in the symphony orchestra, although after its invention in 1840 such French composers as Berlioz and Massenet experimented with it. In Germany only Richard Strauss, whose *Domestic Symphony* included a quartet of saxes, regarded it as anything but a yeoman of military bands.

The continuing disdain in which 20th century composers hold the sax is also due in part to its ascendancy in the 1920s as a leading voice of dance and jazz bands. (Critic Leonard Feather once wrote that the coat of arms for F. Scott Fitzgerald could have been two alto saxophones rampant on a field of cocktail shakers.) Even so, the sax had to overcome the prejudice of old-line jazz purists. Trumpeter Bunk Johnson once complained that it did not fit into the traditional New Orleans ensemble of trumpet, trombone and clarinet. "It

DANNY, 17, WITH DRUMS





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SAX & INVENTION
Perennial Cinderella.

just runs up and downstairs with no place to go," said Bunk.

Now saxophonists have begun organizing to do something about their collective inferiority complex. In Toronto, 400 players from North America, Europe and the Far East gathered recently for the third World Saxophone Congress. The aim of the congress was to win a chair for the sax in the orchestra and to encourage composers to write more and better solo music for the instrument.

Some of the new works featured saxophone solos played against taped backgrounds of spoken dialogue, birdcalls or bursts of electronic light and shadow. The Robert Sibbing Quintet of Macomb, Ill., even turned up with a complete Mozart string quintet transcribed for the sax. French Virtuoso Jean-Marie Londeix wailed into some high, American-style leaps during the premiere of Fellow Countryman Guy Lacour's *Hommage à Jacques Ibert*, thereby precipitating excited talk of a possible fusion between the French school of playing (bright, full tone, strict adherence to the instrument's normal 2½-octave range) and the American (more jazz-influenced, less inhibited in tone and pitch).

Before the first saxophone congress in Chicago in 1969, few saxophonists realized the power of positive brotherhood. Now a sense of identity is emerging, according to James Houlik of East Carolina University: "You don't see violinists gathering like this, dunning composers for new works. We're pioneers." Maybe so. Londeix, at any rate, recently assembled a catalogue of 3,000 original saxophone pieces. It is already badly out of date. The Toronto delegates brought 200 new compositions with them.

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At Last, King Bobby

It was 2:47 p.m. when Bobby Fischer strode onto the stage at the Reykjavik Sports Hall and signed the score-sheet on the chess table. He had arrived 17 minutes late to resume the adjourned 21st game in his world championship chess match with Boris Spassky. But Spassky was not there. The 2,500 spectators soon learned why. "Ladies and gentlemen," announced Referee Lothar Schmid, "Mr. Spassky has resigned by telephone at 12:50 Mr. Fischer has won this game, No. 21, and he is the winner of the match."

As the audience burst into applause for the first American ever to win the official world championship, Bobby nodded, smiled shyly and hurried from the hall. Spassky, reached by a newsman, was philosophical about his defeat: "I'm not sad," he said. "It's a sporting event and I lost. Bobby's the new champion. Now I must take a walk and get some fresh air." From Iceland, where for the past two months he has covered the Fischer-Spassky match for TIME, American Grandmaster Larry Evans called his résumé and impressions at the historic contest.

WAS Boris psyched out by Bobby's antics even before the tournament began? That is the great riddle. The match was really much closer than indicated by the cold statistic of the final score, 12½ points to 8½. In fact, it was really two matches. To put the contest into perspective, Bobby's whopping lead of 6½ to 3½ in the first half (a win is a point, a draw half a point) must be compared with his narrow 6-to-5 edge in the last eleven games.

Like a chess game, the entire match was divided into three phases: opening, middle game, ending. No one knew better than Boris that he had failed to secure much of an advantage playing white in the first game and that Bobby had beaten himself by trying to win what was clearly a dead draw. Nonetheless, Bobby's mistake encouraged the Russian team, which had counted on his impetuosity and overconfidence.

Ping Pong. When Bobby forfeited the second game by not showing up because of a dispute over TV cameras, no one thought that he could be persuaded to resume the match if the officials insisted that the game be awarded to Spassky. Boris probably had reservations about accepting the gift point, but he may well have felt that

Bobby's behavior should not go unpunished. The officials stood fast.

Thus it was probably with consternation and shock that Boris saw Bobby not only show up at the last minute for the third game, but also display the effrontery to demand that it be played in a dingy back room, ordinarily used for Ping Pong. "Just this once. Never again," said Boris, thereby sealing his own doom. By remaining intransigent, he probably could have provoked another walkout by Bobby and won the entire match for forfeit. Gradually falling behind after Bobby played an unorthodox move early in

"My position was bad anyway," he shrugged as I met him on his way out. He seemed wearily detached.

Now the match was tied, 2½ to 2½. The sixth game indicated that a new phase, the "middle game," had begun. This was Bobby's most impressive victory, a classic model of switching the attack from one wing to the other. Mindful of his bitter experience in Game 4, Bobby, whose first move is almost always pawn to king four, changed to a queen pawn opening for the first time, boldly outplaying Boris on his own ground. Boris resigned on move 41, and lingered onstage to applaud Fischer's brilliance.

In Games 7 through 10 Bobby's slashing attack continued. He increased his lead to 3 points, hacking away all resistance. But in the eleventh game, Bobby used his favorite Najdorf Sicilian defense once too often, snatching the so-called "poisoned pawn." This time, Spassky was ready; he crushed Bobby for his finest—and last—win of the match. Game 12 was a draw. But Boris blundered on the 69th move of Game 13: in the eighth hour of a marathon contest, he threw away a draw and fell behind, ½ points to 5.

The Reykjavik "endgame" started with Game 14, the first of seven drawn games in a row. Far from being dull, these were slam-bang affairs in which Spassky dipped into almost superhuman reservoirs of strength to fight Bobby to a standstill. Boris did not become world champion by accident.

At 35, still in his prime, Spassky is not as innovative and flashy as Bobby, but the match proved that he is a grittier, tougher opponent than ever. He is a complete player, at home in both the wide-open king pawn or the positional queen pawn opening. Boris lost the last game, but only because he was under the pressure of the 11½-8½ match score. He did not have to sacrifice his rook on move 19 in a bold attempt to win—he could have settled for two more draws and gone home with a more respectable score. Yet he still might have drawn the game with a better sealed move before adjournment.

The impact of the Reykjavik match on world chess is bound to be healthy. The Russians are likely to intensify their search for young grandmasters. So are the Americans, now that there is some money in the game. In fact, the search is already on all over the world for a fitting challenger to King Robert, whose reign promises to be long and stormy. But there is one player in the world with a chance right now to beat Bobby Fischer. That is Boris Spassky. I would like to see a rematch, and I think Bobby would too.



CHESS CHAMPION BOBBY FISCHER
The promise of a long and stormy reign.

the game, Spassky finally extended his hand in defeat at the 41st move; it was the first time he had ever lost to Fischer. Boris was still leading 2-1, but he had lost an important psychological edge; Bobby now knew that he could bloody his opponent.

Spassky recovered strongly in the fourth game; only Fischer's great resourcefulness under fire enabled him to stave off defeat and force a draw. But the fifth game was an utter fiasco for Boris. Playing white against the Nimzo-Indian defense, he failed to secure the initiative, vacillated and then, on the 27th move, committed one of the worst blunders of his career. After realizing his error, Boris resigned on the spot.

Spitz über Alles in Deutschland

Scene I: Mexico City, 1968. A gawky youngster of 18 who looks as if he could be Jerry Lewis' younger brother, perfunctorily addresses a putt. On the course beside him is his swimming coach and constant companion, Sherman Chavoar. Since the boy had recently boasted that he would become the first Olympian to win six gold medals, he needs all the relaxing he can get. Not today. A passerby happens to spot him on the green and shouts, "Hey, Jew boy, you aren't going to win any gold medals!" The brutal slur is delivered by one of the youth's comrades

THE Mexico City schlemiel and the Munich superstar are the same person: Mark Andrew Spitz of Carmichael, Calif. The sullen, abrasively cocky kid with the sunken visage has matured into a smooth, adroitly confident young man with modish locks and mustache. More important, he has developed into a talent without peer in the world of competitive swimming. In the four years since his personal disaster in Mexico City, where he won only two gold medals (and those in relay events), Spitz has grown up, graduated from college and at one time or another broken 28 world freestyle and butterfly records. That spectacular string of victories continued as the XX Olympiad got under way last week. Spitz led a green but able young American team into the competition with an incandescent performance that ranks with the legendary triumphs of Jim Thorpe, Paavo Nurmi and Jesse Owens.

Spitz and the other 11,999 athletes from 124 nations opened the Olympiad under the bright Bavarian sunlight in Munich's vast acrylic-domed stadium. The national teams paraded by the grandstand in a panoply of colors as massed bands played modern dance tunes instead of the traditional martial anthems. The Olympic flame, carried some 3,500 miles by an international team of 5,976 runners, was borne to the torch by Gunter Zahn, 18, West German runner. West German President Gustav Heinemann officially initiated the games with the prescribed 14-word pronouncement: "I declare open the Olympic Games celebrating the XX Olympiad of the modern era." The mountain horns flourished, and 80,000 enthusiastic spectators and hundreds of millions of TV viewers settled back to watch the drama begin.

The first act belonged mainly to Mark Spitz and his American teammates. Plowing out of the water like Poseidon, Spitz with his high-chested motion churned up the *Schwimmhalle* pool in the 200-yd. butterfly. There may have been butterflies in Spitz's stomach too: "I remembered what happened in Mexico City," he admitted. Nonetheless, Mark knocked 2.6 seconds off his own world record of 2:3.3 to win the first of his 1972 pendants of Olympic gold. Finishing in second and third place, respectively, were Gary Hall, Spitz's teammate at Indiana University and roommate in Munich, and

Robin Backhaus of Redlands, Calif.

The Americans considered Spitz's opening triumph as little short of a sign from Neptune. Said Peter Daland, head coach of the U.S. men's swimming team: "If Mark had lost his first race, he could have been discouraged. But the Mark Spitz of '72 is a tough person." Tough enough, in fact, to anchor another victory in the 400-meter freestyle relay later that night, giving him two gold medals and two world records on his first day of Olympian work.

The next evening he came to the blocks in the finals of the 200-meter freestyle. His toughest competition, as it turned out, came from gritty Teammate Steve Genter, 21, of Lakewood, Calif., who only the day before was released from a hospital following chest surgery for a partially collapsed lung. Genter led at the 100- and 150-meter turns, but Spitz, slicing through the water with his simian arms and immense hands, surged ahead of Genter to clip 72 sec from his own world record and gain another gold medal.

Harpooning. Two days later Spitz splashed his way to more gold and more records in the 100-meter butterfly (54.27 sec) and 800-meter freestyle relay, thereby tying the record for gold medals (five) set in 1920 by an Italian fencer, Nedo Nadi. At week's end it seemed that nothing short of harpooning Spitz in mid-stroke would prevent him from garnering medals Nos. 6 and 7 in the 100-meter freestyle and the 400-meter medley relay.

His distasteful teammates—all those pug-nosed kids who look as if they should be back at Madison High doing their geometry homework (and probably will be this fall)—quickly picked up the heat. The initial shocker was provided by Sandra Neilson, 16, a dimpled, giggly blonde from El Monte, Calif., who defeated Teammate Shirley Babashoff, 15, and Australia's highly touted Shane Gould, 15, in the 100-meter freestyle. Although Sandra was the top-ranked U.S. girl in that event last year, she had qualified only third in the Olympic trials in Chicago. But in Munich she turned the water to steam at the outset, led at the turn and was never behind as she clocked a new Olympic record of 58.59. Later the American team of Sandra, Shirley, Jennifer Kemp and Jane Barkman swept to a thrilling arm's-length finish over a steady East German team in the 400-meter relay, in 3:55.19—another world record.

Shane Gould's loss in the 100-

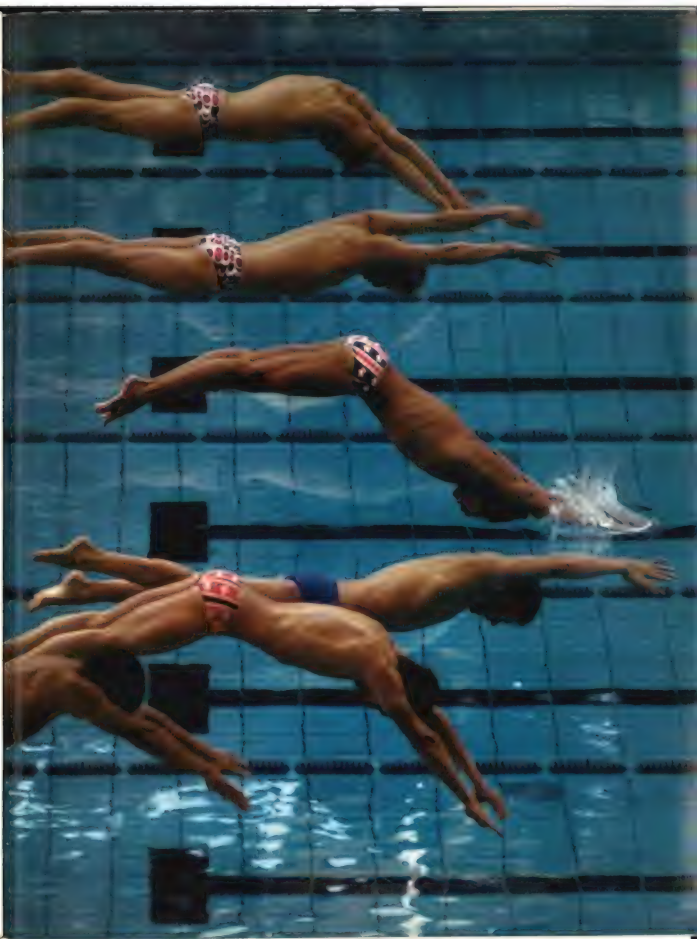
Bursting out of his lane, Mark Spitz (third from top) heads for his first Olympic gold medal and a new world record in the 200-meter butterfly event.



SPITZ DISPLAYING GOLD MEDALS
Winning is everything.

on the U.S. men's swimming team.

Scene II: Munich, 1972. A sinewy young man of 22, who looks as if he could be Omar Sharif's younger brother, confidently strides through the Olympic Village. Surrounding him is a retinue of coaches and teammates—the entourage of an athletic eminence. At the village entrance, dozens of jack groupies strain to touch him, plead for his autograph. Inside, competitors from other countries seek his signature. "Oh, look!" cries a delighted U.S. mermaid. "There he is!" Journalists pursue him into the shower before practice. People persistently ask: Can he win seven gold medals? Yes, he answers with quiet confidence.



Athletes relax over chess in Olympic Village; Aussie Shane Gould waves kangaroo after gaining first gold medal. Upper Voltans on parade; Russians putting; flashy Mongolian entry; lederhosened Bavarians. U.S. Runners Steve Prefontaine and Madeline Jackson; Salute of Youth parade.





Eighty thousand spectators jam Munich's acrylic-glass-covered stadium for opening of XX Olympiad.





Above: U.S. Wrestler Chris Taylor clutches Japan's Yorihide Isogai. For left: U.S. scores against Cuba en route to 67-48 win. Left: Russian Gymnast Ludmilla Turisheva in an exercise that earned a gold medal. Bottom: Bulgaria's Norair Nurikyan, who won gold medal in featherweight class.

meter freestyle, supposedly one of her best events, was indeed a surprise—even though many of the American girl swimmers were less convinced of her invincibility than were the experts. (Round their Olympic Village dorm, the U.S. girls wore T-shirts bearing the legend "All that glitters is not Gould.") Nonetheless, the tawny, long-legged Sydney schoolgirl began in high fashion, picking up a gold medal and a world record in the difficult 400-meter medley (four different strokes). But Shane, though she had nothing like a Mexico City memory to haunt her, was in many ways under more immediate pressure than Spitz, with whom she had shared the pre-Olympic spotlight. She had to train for a wider variety of events (medley to dashes to 800-meter) and did not have for support the sort of formidable team the Aussies have fielded in the past. The effects of the burden surfaced in the 100-meter freestyle. After the event, Shane ruefully conceded, "I just didn't have that edge" to catch the flying Americans. Soon, though, she was as good as Gould again. Shane splashed out to such a commanding lead in the 400-meter freestyle that ABC-TV commentators Keith Jackson and Donna de Varona ignored her and concentrated on the race for runner-up. She later notched another medal and world record in the 200-meter freestyle. By week's end Shane, Roommate Beverly Whitfield, 18, a clerk with the Off-Track Betting Agency in New South

Wales who defeated the favored Russian Galina Stepanova in the 200-meter breaststroke, and young Gail Neall, the winner of the 400-meter medley, had picked up five gold medals for Australia.

Other nations began to show some early gill. In what was probably the closest race in Olympic history, Sweden's Gunnar Larsson hit his electronic touch plate at the end of the 400-meter individual medley just 2/1,000 of a second before American Tim McKee touched his. The finish was so microscopically close that the two swimmers had to dawdle anxiously in the water for several minutes before the computers could determine the winner. Micki King, 28, an Air Force captain who founded in Mexico City when she hit the board during her penultimate dive and broke her arm, recouped in Munich with a come-from-behind victory in the 3-meter springboard competition over Sweden's favored Ulrika Knappe. But when Vladimir Vasin took a gold medal in the men's 3-meter springboard, well ahead of Craig Lincoln of Hopkins, Minn., who salvaged a bronze, the Russians captured an event the U.S. had dominated since 1912. Two Americans also lost out in the 100-meter breaststroke to a grinning college student named Nobutaka Taguchi, who brought Japan its first aquatic gold medal since 1956.

Meanwhile, the East Germans began to pile up points, in and out of the water, in their determined and carefully planned bid for Olympic pre-eminence (TIME, June 5, 1972). So me-

ticulous were their preparations that they sent an inspection team to study the tortuous kayak and canoeing course built near Munich, then had it reproduced for training in Saxony on the Pleisse River. They were rewarded with two gold medals. One more gold medal went to World Champion Backstroker Roland Matthes in the 100-meter event, a repeat of his performance in Mexico City. By week's end the East Germans had collected an impressive total of eight gold, six silver and nine bronze medals.

The D.D.R. athletes also tried hard to crack the Russian and Japanese monopoly on the gymnastic bars and swings. They initially garnered a silver medal, won by a lithe, pretty medical student named Karin Janz in the women's all-round individual competition. She subsequently won a pair of golds in the individual long-horse and uneven-bar competitions. The men's gymnastics events were a replay of the traditional Japanese-Russian conflict. Exquisitely muscled for the sport, the Japanese men performed breathtaking airborne arabesques that showed considerably more imagination and verve than the strong but methodical Russians. Although the Japanese flew off with all three medals in the all-round individual, two Soviet athletes picked up gold medals in the floor exercises and the long-horse event.

The Russians also won the gold and bronze medals in the women's all-round individual. That came as no surprise; the Soviets had dominated women's gymnastic events since they began Olympic competition. Winner of the individual was Ludmilla Tourisheva, 19, a solemn, dark-haired beauty who enjoys virtual prima-ballerina status in the Soviet Union. Executing such complicated maneuvers as 360° swings and somersaults underneath the uneven bars, Tourisheva outpointed the D.D.R.'s Janz and Teammate Tamara Lazakovich.

Disbelief. The crowd favorites, however, were two tiny porcelain dolls, the U.S.S.R.'s Olga Korbut and the U.S.'s Cathy Rigby. Olga, 17, put on a dazzling first-round performance on the uneven bars in the team event that had observers rubbing their eyes in disbelief. In the all-round event, however, Olga brushed her toe on the ground during her mount, lost both her poise and rhythm and returned to her seat barely blinking back the tears after recording a disastrous score of 7.50 (out of a possible 10). Undaunted, she overcame her jitters and returned the next day to win two gold medals—in the balance-beam and floor exercises—and the roaring acclaim of the audience.

Cathy Rigby, 19, the delicate (4 ft. 11 in., 90 lbs.) American hope from Long Beach, Calif., did not fare as well. In the team event on the balance beam she deliberately omitted one leap so as not to endanger her team's point

SPORT

standings by attempting a risky maneuver. The sacrifice was in vain. It left Cathy tied for sixth place (she finished a mediocre tenth in the women's all-round individual). As it turned out, the generous gesture could not have helped the team, which finished in fourth place. That showing, the best for U.S. women since 1948, was somewhat tarnished by the complaint of Cathy's personal coach, Bud Marquette, that Eastern-bloc judges consistently gave American competitors unfairly low scores.

While Marquette's bristling charge (made on worldwide television) seemed to be a windy exercise in bad form, it may not have been without content. All week the officiating in the judgment events was a matter of boiling controversy. None was more violent than the fuss stirred up by the judges who declared a bloodied, badly mauled Soviet fighter, Valery Tregubov, the winner over the U.S.'s clearly superior Reginald Jones in a light-middleweight boxing bout (see box, page 66).

Otherwise, U.S. boxers were having remarkable success. Under the tutelage of Coach Bobby Lewis, the Americans brought to Munich the toughest boxing lineup since a young middleweight named Floyd Patterson headed the 1952 team in the Helsinki Games. As a result, U.S. fighters won ten of eleven bouts in the opening round of competition. Perhaps the most savage of these contests was a technical knockout registered by Bantamweight Ricardo Carreras of the Air Force over Australia's heavily favored Michael O'Brien. The well-matched pair wobbled the daylights out of each other in the first two rounds of the three-round match. In the final round, Carreras, stronger and slightly faster than his rugged opponent, landed a thundering left hook to O'Brien's midsection that dropped the Irish-born metalworker to the canvas like a hot ingot.

Dogged. The U.S. was also scoring well in wrestling, a sport usually dominated by Eastern European athletes. In a major upset, Ben Peterson, 22, from Comstock, Wis., won a gold medal in the light-heavyweight class by pinning Bulgaria's Roussi Petrov, thus moving ahead (on points) of his most dogged competitor, Gennadi Strakhov of the Soviet Union. The same day, Peterson's brother John picked up a silver medal in the middleweight class. Because of another questionable judges' decision in the opening round, the American "Monster Man," 434-lb. Chris Taylor, finished with only a bronze. But two more gold medals were won by Lightweight Dan Gable, 23, and Welterweight Wayne Wells, 27, a lawyer from Norman, Okla.

Another pleasant surprise was the largely unheralded American basketball team, which at week's end seemed likely to leave Munich unbeaten; that would leave yet unbroken a U.S. Olympi-

pic winning streak dating back to 1936. Since this year's team lacks an all-around star of the caliber of Bill Bradley (1964) or Spencer Heywood (1968), there had been some speculation that the U.S. might finally get knocked off by the rough-and-tumble Cubans, who had defeated them in the 1970 Pan-American Games, the offense-minded Brazilians or the towering Russians. But wily Hank Iba, a college coach for 36 years (at Oklahoma State) and Olympic mentor for the past eight years, stitched together a tenacious, defense-oriented unit of his own. With 6-ft. 9-in. Jim Brewer of Minnesota holding Star Center Pedro Chappe to a mere four points, the U.S. team whipped the Cubans, 67-48. The Brazilians proved tougher, forcing the Americans to shoot from the outside as they built a seven-point lead in the second half. But the U.S., led by hard-driving Tom Henderson and Doug Collins, penetrated Brazil's formidable defense and earned a 61-54 victory and a clear shot at another undefeated Olympic tournament.

While U.S. athletes were picking up medals in events no one expected them to win, they also lost their best chance to win a gold or silver in an American specialty, the 100-meter dash. Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson, who have both equaled the world record of 9.9 sec. and who were favored to beat Russia's fleet Valery Borzov, were disqualified as the result of an unconscionable lapse by Sprint Coach Stan Wright. Hart and Robinson had easily qualified in the preliminary heats, but they missed competing in the quarterfinals (while unwittingly watching them on TV, thinking that they were viewing replays) because Wright had misinformed them about the starting time. U.S. Sprinter Robert Taylor, who had also qualified for the quarterfinals, discovered the mistake at the same time Hart and Robinson did, and just made it to the blocks for his heat. He remained in the running as the only U.S. hope in the 100 meters, but finished second behind Gold-Medal Winner Borzov.

Wright was desolated: "It's all my fault. I'm the one to blame." His anguish did not soften Hart and Robinson. "I don't care, the man is a coach, he can say he's sorry," fumed Robinson. "What about three years? What about torn ligaments, pulled muscles, a broken leg?" He added bitterly: "He



EVANS (LEFT) & SMITH IN PRE-OLYMPIC RELAY RACE

can go on being a coach. What can I go on being?"

While public attention was focused last week on the water sports, the first gold medal of the Games was actually awarded in an event that only a Mafia button man could love: the slow-fire pistol shoot. It went to a Swedish gas station owner named Ragnar Skanaker who attributed his championship-caliber shooting to the fact that unlike opponents who place their nonfiring hand in their pockets, he ties his down to his belt. Another early gold medal, in prone small-bore-rifle shooting, went to a tall, sturdy North Korean soldier, Ho Jun Li, 22. When asked what had inspired his victory, Ho replied in English: "I've been personally told by President Kim Il Sung before I left for Munich that 'you are doing the shooting as sharply as if you would try to hit a class enemy.' That is what I did." South Viet Nam's Olympiad roster of two, Mrs. Ho Ang Phi Huong and Mr. Ho Hinh Phu, are both pistol shooters and both come from Saigon. They dropped out at the end of the first day after placing 59th and 56th, respectively, in their events.

As always, the Olympics had its embarrassing exhibitions of poor sportsmanship. In the water-polo contest between Yugoslavia and Cuba, two



JAPANESE GYMNASTS WAVING TO CROWD AFTER WINNING GOLD MEDALS IN TEAM EXERCISES



RUSSIA'S OLGA KOR BUT
A tiny porcelain doll.

Communist nations of decidedly divergent views, the *Schwimmhalle* pool wound up as bloody as the water in the Russian-Hungarian match of 1956. The Yugoslavs won, 7-5. A violent misunderstanding between the Malaysian and West German field-hockey teams caused a lengthy interruption of the game and the Games' first patient, West Germany's Uli Vos, who was admitted to the Olympic Village hospital with multiple contusions caused by Malaysian hockey sticks. West Germany won 1-0.

The modern pentathlon also proceeded in the shadow of scandal. Major Monty Mortimer, manager of the British team, charged at a news conference that the Russians had fired well in that

morning's shooting only because they had been drugged. "When those Russians came to the shooting stand," he insisted, "they appeared as calm as if they had just returned from their morning constitutional." It was pointed out that the urine tests were negative, but Monty harrumphed, "Means nothing. Why, I myself have seen a competitor in Mexico City who kept a little bottle of urine hidden in his pants, which he promptly emptied into the test glass."

About one Olympic fact, however, there can be little controversy: Mark Spitz is in as complete command of his sport as any other athlete in history. There are many reasons for his proficiency, but his physical attributes alone would seem to give him a pool-length advantage over a greased porpoise. He carries 170 lbs. easily on a tightly compacted 6-ft. frame. Hanging from his wide shoulders are a pair of long, scoop-shovel hands that can pull him cleanly through the water with scarcely a ripple. He also has the curious ability to flex his lower legs slightly forward at the knees, which allows him to kick 6 to 12 in. deeper in the water than his opponents. Says his father Arnold, a production engineer in Oakland, Calif.: "Mark's whole body is so flexible that the water just seems to slip by him."

Spitz was born in Modesto, Calif., but moved with his parents to Honolulu when he was two. As his mother Lenore recalls: "We went to Waikiki every day. You should have seen that little boy dash into the ocean. He'd run like he was trying to commit suicide." That early drive may well have been imparted by his father, who admits to being a "forceful individual." His pragmatic creed, repeated often to Mark: "Swimming isn't everything. Winning is."

After four years, the Spitz family (enlarged by two daughters, Heidi and Nancy) returned to California, this time to Sacramento, where his father eventually enrolled Mark in the swimming

program at the downtown Y.M.C.A. There Mark won nearly all his races; his only losses were to a pair of young pool hustlers from the nearby Arden Hills Swim Club. Not taking kindly to defeat, Arnold Spitz promptly turned his young son over to Arden Hills Coach Sherman Chavoor, who has been Mark's mentor—officially and unofficially—ever since. The boy learned fast. At age ten he set his first U.S. record—31 sec. in the 50-yd. butterfly—a record that still stands today for the nine-ten age group.

Rivalry. When Mark's family moved to Walnut Creek, Calif. in 1961, Chavoor suggested that he join the program at the prestigious Santa Clara Swim Club under the direction of crusty George Haines—who cast an appraising eye at Spitz's first few performances and predicted: "He'll probably be the best swimmer in the world." That kind of praise was not given lightly; among Haines' stable of champions was Don Schollander, who won four gold medals at Tokyo in 1964. Mark, then 14, joined the club that year, and immediately became a formidable rival of Schollander, who was four years his senior. In 1966, showing early promise as a distance swimmer, Spitz came within 2 seconds of breaking the world record in the 1,500-yd. freestyle and qualified for the A.A.U. National Championships in Lincoln, Neb. Spitz remembers: "I had two days off so I decided as a lark to swim in both the 100- and 200-yd. butterfly just to keep busy." He won the 100, but his exultation and subsequent letdown cost him the next three events.

In 1967, however, Mark loosed a fresher of stunning performances; he broke five U.S. and three world marks, took five gold medals in the Pan-American games at Winnipeg and was named Swimmer of the Year by *Swimming World* magazine. That did not sit too well with Schollander, who was still considered by many to be king of the aquatic hill. Haines, who had been selected to coach the U.S. men's team at Mexico City, did little to smooth over the rivalry with his candid statement: "Right now, Spitz is better than Schollander." As Chavoor puts it: "Mark wanted to be friends with Schollander and all those other big studs, but they didn't want any part of Mark. So he withdrew." As hurt as he was flippant and cocksure, Spitz made his extravagant predictions for victory in the 1968 Olympics, thereby abriding the already raw relations with his teammates. In fact, many of them began rooting for him to lose.

Mark retreated from Mexico City like a wounded shark and enrolled that winter at Indiana University, the nation's most aquatic-minded learning institution. There he came under the wise counsel of Coach Jim ("Doc") Counsilman, who got Mark off to a racing start by taking members of the

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team aside and quietly telling them to forget everything that they had heard about Spitz and to give him a chance. Mark soon found himself making friends and influencing people; he was eventually named co-captain of the team.

Now, after a spectacular career at Indiana the led the team to three straight N.C.A.A. championships and broke a dozen individual world records and his Olympic triumphs, Spitz is altogether willing to be lionized. His thick, lank hair and trim mustache (rare in the crew-cut world of swimming)

are badges of studly cool. Though he may act a bit like Bobby Fischer ("he got more money for himself, which he deserved," says Mark, "I might be doing the same thing if there was professional swimming"), the image he really hankers after is Joe Namath's. He also likes to think of himself as a sort of swimming bellwether. Once at an A.A.U. meet in Houston, Spitz and other swimmers were dissatisfied with the starting blocks that were to be used. When A.A.U. officials refused the swimmers' request to change them, Mark called in a carpenter the night before

the meet began and had him change one of the blocks. "Once one was changed," he recalls proudly, "they had to change them all."

Spitz still exhibits some of the same callow flippancy that has long got him into trouble. Asked if he finds any irony in his playing the conquering Jew in Germany, Mark shrugged and said, "Actually, I've always liked this country." Then he added, tapping a lampshade, "Even though this shade is probably made out of one of my aunts." Bad blood welled up last week between Mark and Teammate Steve Genter, be-

"Schande! Schande! Schande!"

OLYMPIC officials are a bit like American jurists: they are sometimes unqualified; they often get their jobs through political connections; and they usually hang on to them for a long, long time. Thus, as frequently happens in U.S. courtrooms, some distressingly poor judgments were rendered last week in Munich, leaving an indelible stain on the otherwise lustrous XX Olympiad.

In event after event, there were officiating blunders that demonstrated incompetence, and sometimes outright bias. The first involved Chris Taylor, the 434-lb. American heavyweight wrestler, in his opening bout with Russia's world champion, Alexander Medved. To most observers, Taylor waged a clean battle with his opponent and clearly should have won the match. Yet Referee Umit Demirag, a Turk, cautioned Taylor twice for fouling, without once reprimanding Medved; the penalty points incurred by Taylor provided Medved with his margin of victory. Demirag's calls were so conspicuously wrong that the Federation of International Boxing Associations afterward summarily dismissed him from all further judging assignments. But the decision stood.

There were other equally egregious judgments. In the women's 3-meter diving competition, the East German judge on a panel of seven generously gave the D.D.R. entrants the top three scores. Other judges saw matters differently, and the East German girls finished third, ninth and tenth in the finals. In the prone small-bore-rifle competition, Victor Auer of the U.S. appeared to have outpointed North Korea's Ho Jun Li, 598-595, despite raucous heckling by Li's countrymen, who steadfastly ignored the officials' reprimands. When the shooting stopped, the Koreans demanded an examination of the target. Two hours later the judges reversed the computer's decision, awarded Li four more points and proclaimed him the gold-medal winner.

None of these blatant exercises in bias remotely compares with the decision rendered against U.S. Light Middleweight Boxer Reginald Jones, 21, in favor of Valery Tregubov, 25, of the Soviet Union. The opening round could plausibly have been judged a standoff, with the more experienced Russian consistently dancing out of trouble. In the second round, Jones rocked Tregubov

several times and opened a nasty cut over his right eye. In the third, Jones nearly sent Tregubov to the canvas three times; the Russian was unable to punch back and lasted until the final bell strictly on guts and savvy.

The boxers joined the referee in mid-ring. Jones dancing in the glow of apparent triumph, Tregubov glumly anticipating defeat. Suddenly the referee raised the Russian's right hand, signaling victory. The crowd sat stunned for a moment, then nearly blew the top off the arena, whistling (the European version of booing), firing debris into the ring and crying "Schande! Schande! Schande!" (Shame! Shame! Shame!)

That it was. Judges from Liberia and Malaysia had picked Jones as the victor while a Yugoslav had Tregubov winning. The Dutch and Nigerian officials scored the fight a draw; but preferences must be registered under Olympic rules, and both inexplicably preferred Tregubov, purportedly because of his "aggressiveness."

The incident led the boxing association to take a harder look at the Munich decisions. Two days later, one boxing judge was dismissed and 16 were warned. By week's end six boxing officials had been dropped. That, of course, did little to console the bewildered Jones, who swore he would never fight again.

It is no coincidence that the worst of the decisions against U.S. athletes were made by European judges, especially those from Communist-bloc countries, which attach great political significance to Olympic performance and seem to regard their athletes as instruments of foreign policy. U.S. Wrestler Wayne Wells, a gold-medal winner, has his own notion: "It's the way they've been brought up. What's cheating to us is not cheating to them." The pivotal problem is that the judges are originally picked by member nations, leaving the Olympic Committee little choice but to rubber-stamp the nominations. One sure way to avoid a recrudescence of suspect decisions at the XXI Olympiad would be to change the system and let one of the international Olympic bodies choose the judges.

JONES BOWING HEAD AS REFEREE RAISES ARM OF VICTORIOUS RUSSIAN TREGUBOV



fore they competed in the 200-meter freestyle. Word got around that Mark, upon hearing that Genter had been hospitalized, had said: "Well, this may sound terrible, but at least I don't have to worry about him." The situation grew worse when Genter charged after the race that Spitz had tried to talk him out of entering. Mark's rebuttal: "I was simply as concerned as the other Americans were about Steve's condition."

Mark's ever-widening eye for the girls has also caused a few ripples. Until recently, he had been dating U.S. 800-meter Freestyle Swimmer Ann Simmons, 19. Since arriving in Munich, he has been seeing Jo Ann Harshbarger, 15, who is entered in the same event as Simmons. Though the Olympic regimen and Village logistics prevent too close a liaison, the feeling prevails among Olympians that broken hearts on land do not lead to broken records in the pool. Says an older member of the U.S. women's team: "The least he could have done was put the make on somebody from a different event." A dental student who returns to Indiana in February, Mark has also cast an interested if clinical eye on his early rival for the swimming honors, Shane Gould. Says he, clucking, "She looks pretty good with her braces off."

Palaver. All women seem to look pretty good to Mark these days. Over dinner with Coach Chavoor, he prattled incessantly about his cinematic potential: "Maybe I'll do some nudie movies," he said "I'm hot to trot. Yeah, maybe I'll do a little trotting before we make the movie. One thing for sure, I don't want to end up like Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe. Those guys were looking for something they couldn't seem to find." Accustomed to such palaver, Chavoor offered his usual reply: "You're a nut."

The first week of the Olympics belonged to the nut and to the other swimmers and gymnasts. But the Olympic athletes were not the only young visitors attracting attention in Munich last week. The Olympics is, after all, a *Jugendfestspiel*, and the *jugen* have flocked to the merry Bavarian city by the thousands. They gathered under the spreading elm and oak trees flanking the emerald-green lawns of the *Englischer Garten*, playing their guitars, smoking hand-crafted cigarettes and generally ignoring what a young Iowa girl called "that silly sports effort." Munich's gala atmosphere has also drawn an older, more pecunious group: the international set, complete with titled leaders. Enconced in carefully protected Hilton Hotel suites, far removed from the surging street crowds, are Prince Philip, Princess Margaret and their highnesses, Rainer and Grace. Unlike the youthful tourists, however, the beautiful people last week showed keen interest in some of the Olympic competition, especially the dressage qualification in horseback riding at the



EAST GERMAN MEDALIST SIEBERT HORN BATTLING OLYMPIC CANOE SLALOM COURSE

exclusive Riem Riding Academy, and trap and skeet shooting on the elegant Hockbrück course. The man who took home gold that he hardly needed was Neapolitan Hosteler Angelo Scalzone. The impeccable socialite was mobbed by his countrymen and unfashionably tossed into the air. This week the attention of Munich—and the world—will focus on the track and field events. Here the U.S., which was universally conceded supremacy in swimming before the Games began, will face its most severe tests. The biggest single event will be the rematch in the 1,500-meter run between Kansas' erratic, enigmatic Jim Ryun and Kipchoge Keino, the Kenyan who defeated Ryun four years ago for a gold medal in the rarefied atmosphere of Mexico City. Ryun will find Munich more to his lungs' liking. But he must also contend with Keino's "rabbit." Fellow Kenyan Mike Boit, who will probably set a deadly pace early in the race and attempt to lure Ryun along. That might well leave Jim too weary to turn on his famous finishing kick, improving Keino's chances to win.

Another heralded confrontation of champions will not come off: the long-awaited pole-vault duel between Bob Seagren of the U.S. and Sweden's Kjell Isaksson, who failed to qualify for the final because of a leg injury. Seagren had his problems even without Isaksson's competition. His and his teammates' new poles were confiscated the night before the trials started on the grounds that they were too sophisticated for Olympic competition. Thus the handsome young Californian had to qualify with a pole he had previously abandoned. In other track and field events, the U.S. will be below its traditional Olympic strength. America has the weakest women's track team since before World War II, and the quadrennial Yankee domination of the dashes, high and long jumps is under



SPITZ IN HIGH SCHOOL POOL (1968)
An appraising eye.

serious attack from athletes of many countries, notably the determined Russians, Africans and East Germans. Two seemingly solid U.S. bets: handsome Steve Prefontaine of Eugene, Ore., in the 5,000-meter run, and the 1,600-meter relay team featuring U.S.C.'s John Smith and 1968 Gold Medal Winner Lee Evans.

As for Mark Spitz, any interest he takes in the proceedings will be nothing more than vestigial chauvinism. His battle is ended, his booty won; Spitz will swim no more. What, after all, is left for him to conquer? His feat will likely never be repeated: a move is already under way—pressed by the Europeans and resisted by the Americans and Australians—to cut down on the number of swimming events (and thus medals) on the theory that the skills required are repetitive. Said Spitz before the games: "I want to win at Munich and then quit. I never swam for glory, only the satisfaction of being recognized as the best in the world." Beyond all doubt, he has achieved that goal.

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

That Mills Magic

His name is Gordon Mills, but it might as well be Midas. In the mid-1960s he transformed a pigaigled Welsh rock belter, Tommy Scott, into the tuxedoed dandy whom the international pop world now knows as Tom Jones (the *nom de chanson* capitalized on the then-popular movie). Two years later Mills took a nondescript provincial singer, Gerry Dorsey, whimsically tagged him with the name of a 19th-century German composer and made Engelbert Humperdinck almost as big a nightclub, TV and recording star as Jones. The musical empire that Mills has built largely on the careers of those two singers is now worth between \$35 and \$40 million.

As if to prove that he can turn the same trick with even less promising raw material, Mills recently unveiled as his latest protégé one Raymond O'Sullivan, 25, an Irish ex-postal clerk. His new name is—of course—Gilbert O'Sullivan. Mills admits that O'Sullivan has terrible diction, little rapport with women, and has never set foot on a stage. Despite all that, Gilbert O'Sullivan currently has the No. 1 hit single in the U.S. with *Alone Again (Naturally)*. Last week the effusively bittersweet ballad was making the biggest sweep of Top 40 radio stations since the Beatles' salad days.

Clunky Boots. Mills first heard of O'Sullivan when the would-be star wrote him a letter two years ago. O'Sullivan included a "demo" record and a snapshot, and it was the photo that particularly intrigued Mills. Peering out from under fierce Irish eyebrows and a flat cap was a thin-faced youth garbed

in short trousers, waistcoat, athletic socks and huge clunky boots. "I couldn't believe it," recalls Mills. "He looked like a young Charlie Chaplin." As it turned out, it was a getup that O'Sullivan had cannily contrived to draw attention to himself.

Mills, a man who believes that a rose by any other name could smell not only sweeter but more salable as well, began by changing Raymond's name, then set to work on his image. The hair, which looked as if it had been cut around a bowl, was allowed to grow. The waistcoat and boots were traded for pleated tweed trousers with cuffs, open-neck shirt and a collegiate sweater with the letter G on the front. "A college sweater can be sexy," says Mills. "It hugs the shoulders."

In the recording studio, Mills exerted the same close supervision that he lavished on Tom and Engelbert, acting as producer at every session and approving every arrangement. It was not necessary to search for songs, as he does for Tom and Engelbert, because Gilbert writes his own. But when Gilbert begins to make concert appearances this fall, Mills will be giving his customary attention to every last detail both in front of and behind the footlights.

At 37, Gordon Mills stands at the forefront of what *Variety* calls "the new strong men of the music biz"—the talent managers, who now wield the influence and prestige once exclusively held by pop publishers, record-company executives and sometimes disk jockeys. Mills is releasing O'Sullivan's songs on his own new record label, MAM, named after the parent Mills company, Management Agency and Music. The original MAM, whose prof-

its are running around \$6,000,000 a year, has some 30 subsidiaries that, among other things, own all of Paul Anka's songs, manage the British appearances of Frank Sinatra, and will shortly produce movies.

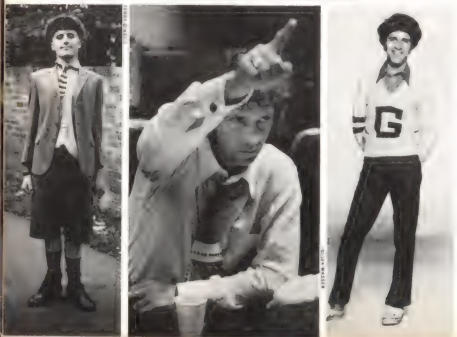
Like Humperdinck, Mills was born in India, the son of a British soldier. Like Jones, he grew up in Wales (after his father returned to the little mining town of Tonypandy). As a young man just out of the army, Gordon began playing a mouth organ in theaters and clubs, eventually becoming the harmonica champion of Wales. He gravitated to London, landed a job with the Morton Fraser Harmonica Gang, formed a vocal group called the Viscounts, then tried his hand at songwriting.

Belittling its status as a front-rank British entertainment corporation, MAM operates out of an elegant suite of offices on London's Bond Street. Befitting his horror of all things corporate, Mills rarely goes near the place, leaving the day-to-day bookkeeping to lieutenants. Mostly he works out of his home in suburban Surrey, which he shares with his wife, four young daughters and a small zoo (properly penned) of seven gorillas, three Bengal tigers, a panther, leopard and cheetah. Inside the house live a Great Dane, two cats, hamsters, guinea pigs and hummingbirds. "I could actually be happy on an island with various threatened species," says Mills. Threatened species are something Mills obviously knows a bit about. After all, is there any species more vulnerable to the tides of time and nature than pop singers?

Clockwork Clipped

Like its savage anti-hero Alex, *A Clockwork Orange* will soon be subjected to a tiny taste of the Ludovico Technique—that brain-blowing treatment that was to rid Alex of his sadosexual violence. At the end of next month the Stanley Kubrick film will be temporarily withdrawn from theaters to allow the censors' scissors to transform it from an X- to an R-rated movie (children under 17 admitted with parent or guardian). After 60 days *Clockwork* will emerge from the Motion Picture Association of America's purification rite shorn of its scarlet letter, and two "explicit" sex scenes totaling 30 seconds. One is a bedroom romp involving Alex and two willing girls; the other shows soldiers raping a girl. The changes, Warner Bros. hopes, will attract a wider audience. Some theaters refuse to show X movies, and an increasing number of newspapers do not advertise them. Kubrick, who selected the footage to be excised, believes that the change will have scant effect on his chilling exercise in "psychedelic fascism." But the incident points up the damaging practice of lumping artistically valid films with sewer-level skin flicks under the X rating. The decision to yield in this case may encourage the trend.

MILLS (CENTER) & PROTÉGÉ O'SULLIVAN (BEFORE & AFTER MIDAS TOUCH)



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PRICES

Visible Victory Over Autos

AT a friend's suggestion last week, Price Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson put through a telephone call to a key Republican campaign agency: the Committee to Re-Elect President Nixon. From the other end of the line, Grayson heard his own voice proclaiming that General Motors and Ford will not be allowed to raise prices on the 1973-model cars that they will put on sale later this month. Without his knowledge, G.O.P. campaign aides had taped the announcement at a press conference two hours earlier, and were playing excerpts over a telephone number that voters can call free to hear the latest Nixon campaign pitch. (For good measure, there were also some cheery Grayson remarks about prospects for a dip in retail beef prices—but not his gloomy conclusion that food prices generally will continue to rise.)

Grayson, who cherishes his image as a nonpartisan price controller, professed surprise at the blatantly political use of his pronouncements. Yet the attempt to capitalize on his auto-price ruling was predictable. Last month chiefs of the four U.S. automakers were summoned to the White House and asked by Donald Rumsfeld, director of Nixon's Cost of Living Council, to withdraw requests for price increases on 1973 models that ranged upward from \$85 per car or truck. G.M. eventually agreed to reduce its increase to \$54 per vehicle and Ford came down to \$59. Then, last week Grayson announced that no hike at all would be permitted. Any boost, he asserted, would push G.M. and Ford profit margins above permissible limits. Under Price Commission rules, a rise in price is not allowed if it would lift a company's profit margin—that is, its percentage of profit on each dollar of sales—above the figures for a pre-1971 base period. Moreover, Grayson asserted that the auto industry is so all-pervasive that a rise in auto prices would fan inflation throughout the economy and, more important, raise inflationary expectations among businessmen and consumers.

The message is clear enough: for at least the first month or two of the new-model year, motorists will be able to buy 1973 cars at 1972 prices. In effect there will be no extra charge for the new safety and antipollution equipment required by federal law. The Price Commission is still formally considering re-

quests for price boosts of \$91 from Chrysler and \$150 from American Motors, but neither company can realistically be expected to raise prices when their bigger rivals do not. G.M. and Ford cannot file new requests for price boosts until they can produce profit figures for the current quarter, which ends Sept. 30. Thus they cannot even ask for price hikes again until some time in October.

The contretemps raises several questions. Why, for example, did the



Anti-inflation device.

White House initially bypass the Government's formal economic control mechanisms and jawbone against auto boosts that were not likely to get through the Price Commission anyway? Quite possibly, aides wanted Nixon rather than Grayson to get credit for stopping the rise. Indeed, TIME learned last week that Rumsfeld never asked Grayson what the commission was likely to do, and did not even tell the price czar about the jawboning until after it had begun.

Grayson's own actions are difficult to explain. First he called public hearings on auto prices for Sept. 12, leaving the implication that the commission would do nothing until then. Last week, after forbidding price hikes, he announced that he would go ahead with the hearings—which seems rather like holding a trial after the defendant has been sentenced. Presumably, the Price Commission wants to get the view of all interested parties on record before judging any new auto-price requests.



PRICE CZAR GRAYSON
Trial after sentence.

Right now, however, the hearings shape up as a brightly spotlighted forum for consumer advocates and union leaders.

Automakers grumbled that the Price Commission had led them to believe that their shaved-down price requests would be approved, and they reacted angrily to the rejection. "We are astounded by this arbitrary action of the commission," said Henry Ford II. Though G.M.'s second-quarter profits climbed 28% over the same period last year and Ford's zoomed 43%, both automobile companies maintain that the price hikes would not further fatten profits but only offset cost increases forced on them by federal law.

In any case, the Administration has won the highly visible victory over inflation that it sought. Grayson stoutly denies that his motives in turning down the G.M.-Ford hikes were political, and there is in fact a notable coolness between him and the Nixon Administration. Nevertheless, his timetable for further action could hardly be more pleasing to Nixon. According to Chairman Grayson, the earliest the Price Commission could possibly act on any new G.M.-Ford price requests would be Nov. 1, and a ruling would probably come somewhat later than that. Like just after the election.

TRADE

Bending Japan's Barriers

Behind trade barriers as imposing as Mount Fuji, Japanese businessmen long held the flow of foreign consumer goods into their country to a trickle, while pumping over more of their own products into world markets—particularly the U.S. Lately, because of Amer-

ican prodding and threats, Japan has been working to lower its more egregious barriers and increase its imports. The latest U.S. effort to speed that process was mounted last week by President Nixon himself. In Hawaii he met Japan's new Prime Minister, Kakuei Tanaka, for two days of summit talks, and a key subject was what to do about the gigantic and growing \$2.2 billion deficit that the U.S. is now running in trade with Japan.

Nevertheless, the prospect for any quick surge of U.S. exports to Japan remains dim. The Japanese eagerly buy American industrial raw materials—coal, steel scrap and lumber—but the obstacles they put in the way of foreign manufactured and consumer goods are still high. The average Japanese tariffs on finished consumer goods have been lowered from a prohibitive 28% in 1961 to 12% now—still far above the average of 7.7% maintained by most other industrial nations. In the past eight years, Tokyo has cut from 155 to 33 the number of quotas that it maintains on imports, but it still tightly limits the inflow of such items as tobacco, rice, wheat and computers.

Outside Japanese taxes, based on a product's cost, fall most heavily on the more expensive foreign goods, helping to boost their prices. Thus a set of golf clubs that sells for \$200 in the U.S. can go for as high as \$500 in Japan; a pair of shoes that can be bought in America for \$48 costs Japanese consumers \$110.

Some of these hurdles can, and no doubt will, be lowered or removed as a result of further trade talks, the Japanese seem to realize that they must liberalize their import practices if they are to avoid more protectionist retaliation against their own goods abroad. But even an immediate removal of all formal barriers would not necessarily open Japan wide to U.S. marketing men. The most formidable of the obstacles cannot be lowered by diplomatic negoti-

ation. It is Japan's archaic and labyrinthine distribution system.

At the top of the system sit the large trading companies such as Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo Shoji. They bring in most of Japan's imports, which are then funneled to the consumer—along with Japanese goods—through some 280,000 wholesalers, one for every five retailers in the nation. As the goods pass down through area, city, town, village and even neighborhood wholesalers, each adds a distribution fee to the price of the product. The practice raises prices on both Japanese and foreign products, but the effect is worse on foreign goods, since they start out at relatively high prices.

Personal Service. Although this system seems unwieldy to foreigners, it makes sense to the Japanese. The nation's retail business consists mostly of tiny, stall-like shops that carry minuscule inventories and must reorder constantly. The streets of many Japanese cities and towns are too narrow and crowded for the big delivery trucks employed by manufacturers and large wholesalers; only the smaller vehicles used by the sub-wholesalers can reach the little Japanese retail shops with dispatch.

Most shopkeepers are absolutely dependent on their wholesalers for goods, credit and sometimes even their display cases. The wholesalers must rely in turn on the trading houses for credit as well as merchandise, for only the trading houses have easy access to bank loans. As for the shopkeepers, few make enough money to expand; they stay in business by offering personal services like *goyo-kiki*—morning visits from the shop's delivery boy to inquire about customers' needs. Under these circumstances, any foreign firm that tries to hold prices down by bypassing the layers of trading houses and wholesalers and selling directly to retailers is almost certain to be rebuffed quickly. Few in the system dare take a chance on

alienating their supplier-moneylender.

American companies consequently must hand over to Japanese wholesalers the responsibility for selling and pricing their consumer goods, and the wholesalers are generally more interested in immediate profit than in building a mass market for foreign products. Despite yen revaluation, which was supposed to make U.S. goods cheaper in Japan, wholesalers continue to sell many American items at pre-revaluation prices, thereby fattening their profits but inhibiting volume sales. The wholesalers continually manage to get high prices because even ordinary products with English-language labels have a special cachet in Japan.

Like the Japanese, the Soviets are tapping the rich U.S. market—but in a somewhat different fashion. Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corp. and Reynolds Metals, two of the largest U.S. aluminum producers, have recently signed agreements to purchase technological information and licenses from the Soviet Union. The agreements, which will run for approximately twelve years, allow the aluminum makers to use a Russian casting process that reduces the need to trim aluminum ingots before they are rolled into sheets.

The transactions call attention to a little-noticed element in East-West trade potential: although the biggest deals undoubtedly will consist of exchange of U.S. equipment, processes and technical know-how for Soviet raw materials, the Soviets have some advanced technology to sell too. Two smaller U.S. firms have bought Soviet licenses to use systems for extracting magnesium and for cooling iron-making blast furnaces. Other areas of Soviet expertise include the building of hydroelectric power plants, and gas turbines, and the manufacture of hydrofoil boats like the one Leonid Brezhnev recently gave as a present to President Nixon.

DISTRIBUTING AMERICAN SOFT DRINKS TO JAPANESE RETAILER



CALIFORNIA FRUIT IN TOKYO MARKET



Setting a Deadline for Reform

FOR years a bitter debate has been raging over how to reform the operations of the nation's stock-trading business so that it can handle efficiently the diverse needs of more than 32 million investors. The need became obvious when the 1969-70 bear market forced more than a hundred brokerages into financial failure or shotgun mergers. The causes were numerous, but one overriding factor was that Wall Street was still geared to a bygone age of relatively slow trading by individual investors dealing in 100-share lots; the stock exchanges could not cope with the demands of a new era in which big-block trading by institutions such as mutual funds, pension funds, university endowment funds and insurance companies regularly pushes volume on the New York Stock Exchange over 15 million shares daily.

Within the past year, reform plans have been advanced by the Securities and Exchange Commission and the exchanges themselves. Late last month the House Subcommittee on Commerce and Finance, headed by California Democrat John Moss, weighed in with a 170-page blueprint for the securities industry's future. Now that nearly all interested parties have spoken, it is clear that the largely self-regulated industry must make sweeping changes rapidly or be forced into them by legislation, possibly soon after Congress convenes next January.

Some badly needed reforms are already in the works. In order to remove their private-club image, the exchanges are opening formerly broker-dominated governing boards. This summer the New York Exchange chose a 20-member board divided equally between Wall Streeters and outsiders, mostly from corporations whose stocks are traded on the Big Board. In addition to senior executives of such giant companies as G.M., RCA and A.T. & T., the new people include Duke University Professor Juanita Kreps, the NYSE's first woman director, and outgoing Ambassador to Sweden Jerome H. Holland, the first black director. The exchanges also are selecting new bosses. Last week James Needham, an accountant and a former SEC commissioner, became chairman of the NYSE; later this year, Paul Kolton, onetime public relations vice president of the Big Board, is expected to be named chairman of the American Stock Exchange.

Within a year, according to SEC Chairman William Casey, a single national stock-market ticker tape will be reporting the prices and volume of all major stock trades, wherever they take place. Most exchanges now have their own separate tapes that go mainly to brokerage houses in the immediate area; an investor buying stock in New York, say, rarely has any idea at what price the shares are changing hands in Chicago or San Francisco. The SEC's idea is to publish all this information on a single tape so that investors can get a feel of the total market and make more informed buying and selling de-

them to handle their own trades and pocket the money they would otherwise have to pay to independent brokers in commissions. Presumably these savings would be passed on to individual investors in the form of lower management fees or sales commissions. The SEC and Representative Moss have made specific recommendations on each issue, but they differ in important detail.

On commissions, the SEC settled for a slightly altered version of the present hybrid system. Brokers must now bargain on commissions with customers who make trades worth more than \$300,000, a slight cut from the previous minimum of \$500,000. The SEC plans to reduce the cutoff point gradually to \$100,000 by April 1974. Congressman Moss, on the other hand, wants to abolish fixed commissions entirely and have fees bargained between broker and investor on every trade.

Negotiated commissions would probably be a fiction for most individual investors. I.W. Burnham II, senior managing partner of Burnham & Co., a Manhattan-based investment house, says that "negotiation for the public is not in the cards" because the small investor has little bargaining power. Institutions, though, have plenty; they have already bargained commissions down an average 50% from the old fixed-rate schedule on the biggest trades. Many Wall Streeters fear that an extension of negotiated commissions would cause another wave of brokerage failures because rich brokerages would underbid weak ones for the all-important institutional business. Nevertheless, some major extension of negotiated commissions seems sure to come.

Both the SEC and the Moss subcommittee would allow institutional membership on exchanges, but under strict conditions that would limit the ability of the institutions to execute their own trades. The SEC would allow brokerage-house affiliates of the institutions to join exchanges only if four-fifths of their business came from the public rather than from the parent institutions. The Moss subcommittee would forbid institutions that joined exchanges from handling any of their own business at all. What the subcommittee wanted to avoid was "devilish bookkeeping" practices that might arise as institutions merged with brokerage houses.

For the moment, the SEC has the authority to order into effect its own proposals on negotiated commissions and institutional membership. But in the next few months, it must iron out the differences that exist between its proposals and those of Congressman Moss



NEEDHAM (CENTER) VISITING TRADING FLOOR
Joining together on one ticker tape.

cisions. There are technical difficulties in setting up such a system, but no important resistance to the plan.

Hot controversy, however, still swirls around two other issues: negotiated v. fixed brokerage commissions, and the desire of institutional investors to buy memberships on stock exchanges. The arguments reflect the growing clout of the institutions. A decade ago, they traded one-third of all the shares on the New York Exchange; last year they accounted for 60%. The institutions have long chafed under the necessity of paying commission rates that are set by the exchanges to meet the costs of handling small orders from individual investors rather than the institutions' big-block trades. In addition, many institutions want to buy seats on the exchanges—a practice now barred by the Big Board and Amex—to enable

or face the prospect of seeing its own ideas overridden by legislation. Besides Moss' proposals, the Senate Securities Subcommittee has held hearings on Wall Street's problems and seems ready to back legislation that would force the securities industry to overhaul its archaic structure.

MARKETING

Selling Houses on TV

For most people, the worst part of buying a house is the tiring trek from one place to another inspecting nearly every home that is for sale. The most annoying part of selling a house is showing it to a steady stream of lookers, many of whom conclude at the first glance that they have no interest. Now Victor Klein, a real estate broker in Westport, Conn., has an idea that could eliminate most of the bother. Using an inexpensive Sony TV camera and play-back unit that is simple to operate, he puts on video tape the interior and outdoor views of the houses that clients want to sell and shows the tapes to prospective buyers on his office TV set. After looking at the houses on TV, the buyer can then select for personal inspection only the few homes that appeal to him.

Klein, a former sportswear manufacturer in Manhattan's garment district who switched to selling real estate only eight months ago, has used the video-tape system for only 2½ months. Sales generated so far by his homemade TV shows total eight houses. The idea is spreading. For \$4,000, Klein offers to supply other real estate brokers with a camera, TV set and a week-long instruction program detailing how to operate the unit. Already eight brokers have signed up, giving Klein a fast profit on his \$30,000 investment.

TURKEY

The Army Conglomerate

In addition to practicing the profession of arms, military men in some countries have maneuvered themselves into a new and more profitable role: private entrepreneurs. Despite a war that might have been expected to occupy all their time, army colonels in South Viet Nam operated a string of civilian enterprises that included banking, construction and transportation, until a government crackdown earlier this year forced them out of business (TIME, April 3). The military in Indonesia owns a domestic airline, Mandala, bus services and banks. For sheer scope, drive and staying power, however, the business offensive of Turkey's army is in a class by itself. Turkish military chiefs openly and aggressively run what amounts to the country's biggest and most pervasive conglomerate.



ASSEMBLING AUTOS IN ISTANBUL PLANT RUN BY THE MILITARY
Like standing in the way of a cavalry charge.

The instrument of this entrepreneurial clout is the Armed Forces Mutual Assistance Fund (known as OYAK in Turkish), which was established in 1960 when a military junta temporarily seized control of Turkey. Under OYAK rules, regular officers (commissioned and noncommissioned) in the air force, navy and ground forces, who number about 80,000 in all, are required to pay 10% of their wages into the fund for eventual reimbursement. So far, OYAK has collected more than \$100 million.

With this inflow of capital, OYAK investments have spread throughout the Turkish economy. The fund owns controlling interests in Turkish Automotive Industry, a company that assembles International Harvester trucks and tractors; MAT, a truck and tractor sales firm; the OYAK Insurance Co.; Tukas, a food canning firm; and a \$3,000,000 cement plant. OYAK also holds 20% of the \$50 million Petkim Petrochemical plant, scheduled to begin operations within three years, 8% of state-owned Turkish Petroleum and 7% of a \$5.6 million tire factory owned mostly by Goodyear. Civilians operate the companies, but many key posts are held by former officers, often appointed by the top brass, who tightly control fund activities.

Many lower-ranking officers, the "members" whom the fund was established to benefit, are increasingly unhappy with the arrangement. Under the rules, regular officers are allowed to borrow from the fund to buy homes and appliances. On leaving the service they get back what they put into the fund, in addition to 5% interest, plus another 2% per year, which is supposed to represent their share of the profits (reserve officers, drafted for 18 months, are forced to pay out 5% of their wages but get nothing back). The regular officers complain that Turkey's roaring inflation is chewing into their involuntary savings. They also complain that the amount of money they get back is inadequate be-

cause it does not reflect the growing value of the fund's assets, which are now worth an estimated \$300 million. Military officials of the fund reply rather lamely that the payout is kept low so that increased investment of plowed-back profits will yield even greater benefits for future generations of officers. Though most officers are dissatisfied with this explanation, few, if any, believe that there is any rake-off at the top.

Blunted Lead. Civilian businessmen sometimes find that competing against companies in which OYAK has an interest is like standing in the way of a cavalry charge. Last year, for example, a plant near Istanbul that is owned jointly by Italy's Fiat Motor Co. and Turkish Tycoon Vehbi Koc began producing cars for the Turkish market. Construction of an auto plant owned jointly by France's Renault and OYAK was well behind schedule, and it seemed that Fiat cars would gain a long sales lead—until the fund swung into action. After arranging the specifications so that other companies were in effect barred from bidding, the army ordered 100 Renaults for its brigadier generals, thus giving the cars the cachet of being the military's official vehicle. Fiat claims that contrary to a law that limits imports of auto components, all the parts for the Renaults were shipped in from France and assembled in Turkey. Thus Fiat's advantage was blunted.

The fund also enjoys special tax breaks. It pays none of the 25% corporation tax on its earnings. It is exempt from paying the 10% stamp tax charged for business transactions, and the payments to and from its members are untouched by income or inheritance taxes. For all that, Lieut. General Fikret Elbizim, fund chairman, solemnly asserts: "We are not after any privileges. We merely want to coexist with the private and state sectors." Turkish businessmen can only imagine what they would have to contend with if the armed forces wanted more than coexistence.

Arcadia Revisited

WHERE THE WASTELAND ENDS

by THEODORE ROSZAK

492 pages, Doubleday, \$10.

A GOD WITHIN

by RENÉ DUBOS

325 pages, Scribners, \$8.95.

*Two live as one
One lives as two
Two live as three
Under the hum
Under the hum
Under the bamboo tree.*
—T.S. Eliot, *Sweeney Agonistes*

The myth of Prometheus has commanded the allegiance of moderns, insofar as moderns have bothered with

not reprogram the world, externalized change is the Promethean trap. Arcadian man will change his own head. He will retap the sources within his archetypal self. A million individual religious experiences will take place, and these will change the world.

In *The Greening of America*, Charles Reich tried (and failed) to define this spiritual revolution: a mysticism of self-renewal that would save modern man from himself. In *Where the Wasteland Ends*, Theodore Roszak fails too, perhaps inevitably. But in the meantime he has brilliantly summed up once and for all the New Arcadian criticism of what he calls "postindustrial society." His book expresses almost as an act of autobiography the needs and demands he first began to detail in *The Making of a Counter-Culture* (1969).



THEODORE ROSZAK



PROMETHEUS AFTER STEALING FIRE FROM HEAVEN



RENÉ DUBOS

A myth of power, a myth of hope.

myths at all. What could suit the Age of Technology better, after all, than the legend of a discontented hero who snatched fire from the gods, enabling men to modify their destiny by exploiting this marvelous new kind of power?

Alas, the Promethean gift has come to appear cruelly ironic, if not demonic, to a post-technology age that possesses—or is possessed by—the ultimate fire: nuclear power. Today, weary hindsight makes "progress" seem a mocking, self-defeating process by which men promise to improve themselves and their planet right out of existence.

Into this "wasteland" climate of despair, a countermyth of hope, has been introduced. It may be identified as the myth of the New Arcadia. The New Arcadians see their salvation in a return to Eden innocence. Arcadian man will

Once upon a time, says Roszak, perhaps in Old Arcadia, man was in harmony with his unpolluted universe and his unpolluted self. He had his myths, his rituals, his visions: his "sacramental awareness" of nature and of his place in it. Then he became a devotee of Reason. He lost his "energies of transcendence," and turned into that modern monstrosity, "intellect divorced of its visionary powers." According to the Roszak bill of particulars, Christianity bears a heavy share of the blame. It excluded other myths in the name of one myth. It tended to abstract God into the Word: the pulpit crowded out the altar. Protestantism especially stripped man of "the inarticulate wisdom of the instincts," preparing the way for the Scientific Revolution.

Roszak struggles to be fair, but the

scientist is the devil in his cosmology. The goal of science, B.F. Skinner once said, is the destruction of mystery. Roszak believes science has succeeded all too well. "Machines, gadgets," not to mention "the computers," represent "mankind tyrannized by the work of his own hands." Furthermore, he sees "objectivity," the scientific act of knowledge, as an act of alienation, if not of sacrilege. "Break faith with the environment," reads Roszak's version of the scientist's Faustian compact, "and you will surely gain power."

From Francis Bacon to the Era of Research & Development, Roszak sees science "turning people and nature into mere, worthless things." Science has led to "the politics of technocratic elitism." Worst of all, it has despoiled the human imagination.

"How are we to create a sane life?" "How do I save my soul?" These, Roszak thinks, are the pertinent questions for Arcadian man, cornered by urban-industrial necessities and manipulated by "a vast mandarin establishment of hysterical professional obfuscators."

"It is the energy of religious renewal," Roszak concludes, "that will generate the next politics." He sees the counterculture, with its spiritual ragtag of yoga, I Ching and the signs of the zodiac, as "a massive salvage operation" to reclaim the wholeness of man by "magic and dreams."

Hip Artisans. At this point—the crucial point of the manifesto—Roszak becomes vague. To be overly specific, he suggests, would be to commit the sin of "single-vision" rationalism that he objects to. So he runs on about "a drastic scaling down and decentralizing," a "massive de-urbanization." He proposes making "anti-growth" a positive value. He suggests a new economics of "low-consumption" based on "kinship, friendship, cooperation." If they are not paralyzed by cynicism or timidity, a saving remnant of "hip artisans," "ecological activists," "people's architects" and "dropped-out professionals" will find their way back to Arcadia and the "rich religious disciplines of self-realization."

This is not prospectus enough. But, as William Blake, one of Roszak's cultural heroes, said: "Man must and will have Some Religion." Roszak seems to equate demand and supply. If enough "enthusiasm"—a favorite Roszak word—is present, surely the justification for that enthusiasm must shortly follow.

Roszak argues from Apocalypse. He might well ask, What other choice does man have today? At first glance, René Dubos, a distinguished microbiologist and Pulitzer prizewinner (*So Human an Animal*), seems to agree. Like a proper New Arcadian, he writes: "Our salvation depends upon our ability to create a religion of nature and a substitute for magic." The very title of his book, *A God Within*, is his translation of *enthusiasm* ("one of the most beautiful words in any language").

But Dubos, unlike Roszak, is not

possessed by a thesis. While deploring man's policy of conquest toward nature, he denies masochistic readers the tidy comfort of feeling that ecological abuses are the exclusive products of the Judaeo-Christian tradition and modern technology. Plato, he points out, testified to the deforestation of Greece. Far from reverencing life, men (Arcadian as well as Prometheus) have always been inclined to operate on the theory: "If it moves, kill it."

Dubos not only wonders if there was an Old Arcadia, he wonders if there is a New Apocalypse. He suspects that when man became an agricultural animal, the earth was ravaged worse than when he became a technological animal. "All living systems are irreversibly changed by almost any kind of experience," he writes, adding the hopeful corollary: "Destruction always results in a different creation."

Roszak and Dubos are both, in some sense, optimists. But Roszak posits a crisis that only a radical and desperate hope can respond to. More convincingly, Dubos argues that history has been an unending crisis—with a pretty fair record of self-restoration or at the least survival. Man's greatest complacency, he implies, may be to presume he can destroy the universe of which he is only one product. "Be realistic," says Roszak, quoting a counterculture slogan. "Plan for a miracle." The miracle, Dubos might undramatically demur, is that life in infinite, apparently inexhaustible variety (with or without man's blueprints) just keeps going on. ■ Melvin Maddocks

Word Desert

THE ADVERTISING MAN

by JACK DILLON

316 pages. Harper's Magazine Press. \$6.95.

If this were a polished writing job, it would be one more of those slick commercial novels about an ad agency. Instead, it is clumsy, serious and painstaking, and perhaps as a consequence, considerably more enlightening. The agency involved is called Gibbs & Wilson, and at G & W creativity is king, writers venerated, research unheard of. The hero is Copy Chief Jim Bower, a dour, taciturn fellow known throughout the trade for lines like (to sell a brand of vodka): "Tell your mother-in-law it's potato soup—she'll love it." When Jim sits down to do an ad, he has nothing in front of him but a piece of paper; if he feels inspired to write a commercial about stewardesses for an airline, what is it to him if stewardesses happen to rank last in the latest surveys of what customers care about in an airline?

Then Bower's indulgent boss is killed in a cab accident. His replacement as agency head is George Brice, who looks like a druggist and talks fluent corporateese. Brice's reputation is based on the Relief headache-remedy ad, showing a diagram of a headache in-



JACK DILLON
Vodka v. soup.

side a head being attacked by little cowboys on horses. The cowboys are Relief's ingredient Sooth-X, and they got into the ad by decisively defeating little airplanes, tigers, rocket ships and genes in consumer testing reports. Brice's goal is to replace Gibbs & Wilson's list of luxury clients with packaged-goods industry giants. "Why, a friend of mine at Procter & Gamble told me I was taking over a zoo," he complains, shortly thereafter locking recalcitrant animals like Jim Bower out of their comfortable cages.

Neither Brice nor Bower is a very original character. The kind of crisis described here, in which power switched from creative personnel to research-oriented account executives, was a familiar story along Madison Avenue during the recession two years ago. What the author, who is a vice president of Doyle Dane Bernbach, does very convincingly is to convey what life in a big-time agency must be like: the daily routine, the steps up, sideways and down, the monotonous tides of taste and style, the Byzantine rules of client diplomacy. Though the comparison may seem incongruous, Dillon's approach to his professional world resembles Mystery Writer Dick Francis' to the ambience of horse racing (TIME, May 22). Both authors fairly radiate authenticity born of total immersion in the subject, a mania for getting detail right, and a sympathetic ear for the nuances and clichés of shop talk.

Such sympathy is in constant jeopardy here because of the characters' grisly speech habits. The book is full of basically decent men who seem obliged to come across as loudmouthed smart alecks. "Jim, old buddy, how's your sex life?" is a Westport way of saying hello. "What are you running here, a desert?" is a necessary preamble to ordering drinks. Even the boozehound on doubles has a wretched little snapper handy. "Two Scotch on the rocks, put them in the same glass, will you?" The

irony is that Dillon is painting a verbal desert inhabited by people who live off words. His achievement, modest but real, is that he manages to populate the place with recognizable, sympathetic forms of life.

■ Martha Duffy

Be Prepared

DAUGHTER BUFFALO

by JANET FRAME

212 pages. Braziller. \$5.95.

With nine novels to her credit, New Zealand's Janet Frame still offers something of a fielder's choice: whether to praise the strength of her poetic imagination or question the precarious structures of her novels, which are part prose, part poetry, part fiction and part personal reverie. Like dreams, her narratives advance and recede according to the most private tides of consciousness. Like dreams, they have a coherence that is easily bruised by interpretation.

Miss Frame's persistent themes are loneliness, madness and death. But again, as in dreams, distinctions dissolve and the themes can be interchangeable. In *Daughter Buffalo*, billed as her first novel with an American setting, even the characters seem to blur into each other. Talbot Edelman, M.D., is a self-acclaimed student of death whose inquiries include mutilating experiments on his dog Sally. A lyric-writing old gent named Turnlung is also an expert—a virtual memory bank of death and that other equitable state, prenatal life. Both Talbot, the death scientist, and Turnlung, the death artist, develop a need and deep affection for one another. Both are in training for death, and it seems fair to construe that their love is the main event. For to love is to accept the certainty of eventual loss.

This loss is reflected in fadebacks to life and death in a New Zealand family. Such returns to a private past suggest autobiography, and their effect on the book is like those Japanese puppet



JANET FRAME

Perchance to dream no more.

It began as a simple idea.

(Then competition started)



Ideas like products start in the humblest of ways. Particularly great ideas. But it takes more than an original genius to make these ideas grow into something big. It takes the lively competition among nationally advertised brand names. The kind that has changed the sound of music to what it is today.

Brand names are what manufacturers call their products. They put their names right on the package so you can see who they are. They work hard to make these products better. Offer brighter developments. Innovations. Consistent quality. This is how they try to outdo other brands. And they let you know about these improvements through advertising. But if they don't live up to these claims it's good-bye to their reputations. That's how competition works.

Nationally advertised brands are what we take for granted. But we'd soon know the difference if they weren't around.

When brand names compete, products get better.



Ever notice?

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC.

BOOKS

shows in which the puppeteer is camouflaged in black but just visible and working openly against a black backdrop—a subtle reminder to viewers that the puppets are not their own masters.

As in previous novels like *Yellow Flowers in the Antipodean Room* and, more recently, *Intensive Care*, the author examines conventional attitudes toward death with both satire and wistful poetry. Talbot's parents, for example, respond to mortality by rushing an elderly relative into a nursing home with a sigh of relief that Miss Frame compares with "the faint whirr made by the garbage disposal unit when it comes to rest after doing its work." Yet her central symbol for this evasive herdlike response to death is a six-month-old buffalo in the Central Park Zoo that is "already trained to bewilderment, immobility upon a counterfeit earth."

Frame is also an anti-McLuhanite. "Where the written word allows us to sip off small doses of death," she writes, "the image in the moving picture does not even wait to invite us, it abducts us to the scene with the result that we have a collection of ungrieved-over deaths in our storehouse and a scarcity of feelings to match them." A dead Turnlung can elicit feelings because he endures as a body of poetry.

When he is resurrected in an epilogue, it is as if Miss Frame herself had wakened from the slightly mad dream of her own novel. The talk is of reality's slippery nature, and the implication is that the artist's reality is often a necessary derangement. Frame fans may recall the doctor in *Faces in the Water*, who cancels his patient's lobotomy and confesses "I want you to stay as you are."

■ R. Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

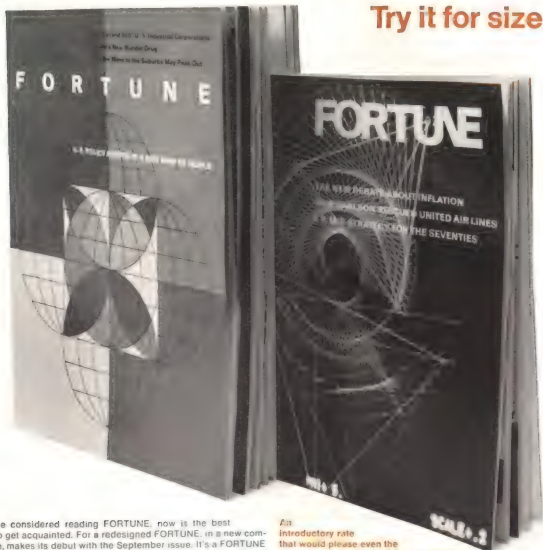
- 1—*Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, Bach (1 last week)
- 2—*My Name Is Asher Lev*, Patlak (2)
- 3—*Report to the Commissioner*, Mills (10)
- 4—*The Winds of War*, Wouk (5)
- 5—*The Dark Horse*, Knebel (4)
- 6—*A Partisan for Foxes*, McClary
- 7—*Captains and the Kings*, Caldwell (7)
- 8—*The Ward*, Wallace (3)
- 9—*Order of Battle*, Melchior
- 10—*Enemies: A Love Story*, Singer

NONFICTION

- 1—*Eleanor: The Years Alone*, Lash (4)
- 2—*Open Marriage*, Nena and George O'Neill (2)
- 3—*I'm O.K., You're O.K.*, Harris (5)
- 4—*O Jerusalem!*, Collins and Lapierre (1)
- 5—*George S. Kaufman*, Teichmann (3)
- 6—*The Peter Prescription*, Peter
- 7—*The Boys of Summer*, Kahn (6)
- 8—*The Superlawyers*, Goulden (8)
- 9—*A World Beyond*, Montgomery (7)
- 10—*Eleanor and Franklin*, Lash (10)

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Look Where We're Going.



Fly Piedmont

Racial Slur

SUPER FLY

Directed by GORDON PARKS JR.

Screenplay by PHILIP FENTY

Priest (Ron O'Neal) is a pusher and user of cocaine. He dresses stylishly, has lots of girls, lives high and wants out, for vague reasons that have mostly to do with plot. If Priest did not want out, then the big dealers would not be after him, the cops would not be hassling him, and there would be one less dreary, sleazy movie about high jinks and low life in the ghetto.

Even according to the dismal standards established by predecessors like *Cool Breeze*, *Super Fly* seems remarkably exploitative and inept. Director Gordon Parks Jr. (his father is the photojournalist turned film maker who directed the two *Shutt* movies) cuts to a shot of the fancy grillwork on Priest's car whenever he does not know what else to do. Thus there is an abundance of grillwork shots. This is Parks' first feature, and some faults are customary under such circumstances. But *Super Fly* shows no evidence of perception, intelligence or sensitivity; there is only a kind of frivolous opportunism.

What makes a crummy little movie like *Super Fly* worth getting angry about is the implication behind it: that movies made for black audiences have to be, or can easily be, so casually and contemptuously awful. Such movies are not even made with the same care or craft as the 90-minute features cranked out for television. They portray all-black men as diddy-boppers or street-corner hustlers, all white men as drooling, craven criminals, and women of any complexion as whimpering sex machines. They lack the energy and dignity of good action melodrama. *Super Fly* and movies like it demean the audiences, they are made for.

• Joy Cocks

Obtuse Triangle

THE PUBLIC EYE

Directed by CAROL REED

Screenplay by PETER SHAFFER

After hearing but a few notes over the car radio, he can identify Mahler's *Fifth Symphony*. He can also quote Aldous Huxley. His paramour is both impressed and baffled. "Who's Aldous Huxley?" she asks.

It doesn't seem that such a relationship can endure, although we are made to endure every cloying moment of it in *The Public Eye*. He (Michael Jayston) is a highly paid English tax accountant; she (Mia Farrow), a slightly wilted California flower-child mooncained in London en route home from Katmandu. They first meet in a restaurant, where she is a waitress, when she ac-



TOPOI v. FARROW IN "EYE"
Pygmalion with caramel.

cidentally spills chicken with caramel sauce all over his proper blue suit. She is breezily apologetic. He is unaccountably enchanted.

After the wedding she begins to realize that her Pygmalion is rather stuffy, and he sees that his Galatea is resisting the finer things he is trying to offer her. One night he comes home from a hard day juggling tax forms to discover her curled up with *Madame Bovary*. "I feel so sorry for her because she's trapped," she announces. Not long thereafter, he hires a private investigator (Topol) to check on her constancy.

As the detective follows her on his motor scooter from double-feature horror films to the dolphin pond in Windsor Park, he becomes infatuated. He is something of a pixy himself, a regular Zorba the Dick. He consumes huge quantities of yogurt, munches on endless macaroons, and makes a lot of funny faces. Now it is the wife who is unaccountably enchanted.

The detective finally rights this wretched triangle by taking over the husband's tax business, lending him his supply of macaroons and hurrying him out to follow his wife around the streets of London and win her heart again. The film would be a laughable travesty were it not directed by Carol Reed, who made such superb films as *The Third Man*, *Odd Man Out* and *Outcast of the Islands*. That makes it a sad travesty. ■ J.C.

Papal Bull

POPE JOAN

Directed by MICHAEL ANDERSON

Screenplay by JOHN BRILEY

In its unstinting quest for novelty, Hollywood has really come up with something new this time: a Pope who gives birth.

It must be added that this Pope is really a nun called Joan. The time is the Middle Ages. The Saxons, as is their wont, have been sacking the coun-

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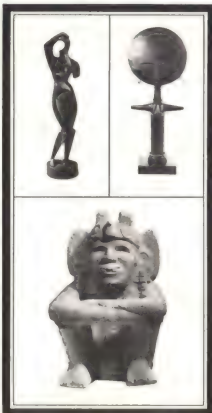
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CINEMA

tryside, raping and pillaging and generally making a nuisance of themselves. Under such circumstances, it is hardly safe for a young nun to travel openly. When Joan (Liv Ullmann) must flee her nunnery, loyal Father Adrian (Maximilian Schell) chops her long honey-colored hair into a kind of modified Sassoan, outfits her in a monk's habit and runs with her from the marauding hordes.

There is indeed a legend that a woman disguised as a man sat on the throne of St. Peter some time in the 9th century. Surely, however, the legend could not have been as turgid or as invincibly dull as the film that has been fashioned from it. The film makers, making a wild scramble for contemporary relevance, have chosen to frame the story with a singularly absurd yarn about a schizoid evangelist (also portrayed by Miss Ullmann) who believes she is Pope Joan. "Classic case of withdrawal," mutters Psychiatrist Keir Dullea, peering at her through huge spectacles.

By means of flashbacks, *Pope Joan* correlates the legend with the life of the young evangelist: the nunnery is intercut with a modern orphanage, Joan's monk father with a back-country Bible thumper, and so on. Invention frequently flags, and there are great barren stretches of the movie that contain no contemporary parallels whatever, presumably because the scenarist could invent no 20th century equivalents for the Saxons or the intrigues of the papal court under Leo, who is zestfully portrayed by Trevor Howard.

Pope Joan is excellently photographed by Billy Williams (*Women in Love*; *Sunday Bloody Sunday*) and contains a valiant English-speaking debut by Miss Ullmann, who in the films of Ingmar Bergman has established herself as an actress who must be called great. It is a reputation that may not survive many more movies like this one. ■ J.C.



HOWARD & ULLMANN IN "JOAN"
Saxons and schizophrenia.



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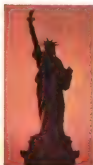
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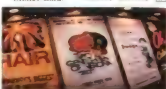


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Here Come the Robots

From a secret base tucked away in the jungles of Southeast Asia, 20 small, stripped-down jet aircraft are catapulted into the air from the backs of large trucks. As they come within range of enemy radar, the planes take electronic measures to prevent detection. They are spotted by several interceptor aircraft but manage to outmaneuver them. Finally, the minibombers reach their target and unload their explosives with deadly accuracy. Several enemy surface-to-air missiles score hits on the raiders, but not a single pilot is killed, lost or captured. Reason: the mission has been flown entirely by robot aircraft, guided by ground controllers hundreds of miles away.

That scenario may not be as far-fetched as it seems. In a recent speech, Air Force Under Secretary John L. Mc-

reconnaissance flights, bombing and in the distant future even air-to-air combat. Under separate \$300,000 contracts, two major drone manufacturers—Teledyne Ryan and Northrop Corp.—recently completed preliminary studies to determine how the Defense Department could create and utilize a robot air force. By the end of the 1970s, in the opinion of some weapons planners, the U.S. might well have more robot bombers in its arsenal than its current inventory of almost 400 B-52s.

A robot air fleet is no technological pipedream. Although the U.S. has long used drones for target practice and spy missions, it is only relatively recently that miniaturized computers, tiny remote-controlled TV cameras, sophisticated laser-guided "smart bombs" and other breakthroughs in electro-optical gear have made RPVs both technologically and economically feasible for combat. The U.S.'s most widely used

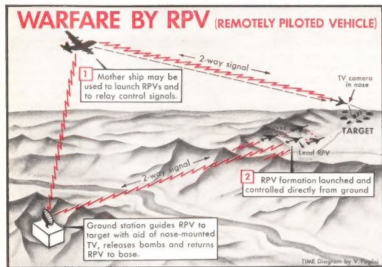
combat, a modified Firebee target drone, under the control of a "pilot" on the ground, was pitted against a manned Navy Phantom jet. The robot, capable of making turns so sharp that they exert a centrifugal force of 12 Gs—enough to black out pilots—dodged two different types of missiles fired by the Phantom and outmaneuvered it in other ways. Equally impressive shows have been staged in which RPVs are used as bombers. At Edwards Air Force Base in California's Mojave Desert, RPVs with TV cameras in their noses have, under the guidance of armchair pilots, dropped bombs within three feet of their target. They also swooped low enough to score bull's-eyes on mock hillside caves.

Such feats by RPVs, and the fact that they are relatively cheap and do not risk lives, have greatly impressed Pentagon planners; they recently established a joint industry-military panel to look into the possible use of remote-controlled aircraft as front-line observers, shipborne submarine killers and even as kamikaze-type suicide craft. The qualities of the RPV have also impressed—and worried—civilian critics of the military, who feel that the little craft increase the temptation to get involved in limited wars. But the military is looking only at the bright side. Says one high-level planner: "It will be a great day when only machines make war and people make love."

Lightning Tamers

Plunging directly into the massive dark thunderheads high above northeastern Colorado, the World War II-vintage B-26 released its payload: a swarm of tiny, aluminum-coated strands of fiber glass. The strange—and dangerous—flight was part of science's latest attempt to tame one of nature's most spectacular and damaging phenomena: lightning storms.

Lightning strikes somewhere on the earth roughly 100 times every second. It is a greater killer, on the average, than hurricanes or tornadoes, causing hundreds of deaths each year in the U.S. alone, and sets off the majority of forest fires. The ancients believed that lightning bolts were hurled from heaven by wrathful gods. Modern scientists know that thunderheads, like all clouds, contain a hodgepodge of ions (atoms or molecules with either a surplus or deficiency of electrons). But for reasons that are still not fully understood, the ions in storm clouds begin to separate according to their charge, with the negative ions settling to the bottom of the cloud and the positive ions moving to the top. The negatively charged cloud bottoms, in turn, repel negative ions in the earth below, leaving the ground with a positive charge. When the electrical potential, or voltage, between cloud and earth becomes great enough, a stream of ionized particles will suddenly burst down from



Lucas suggested that "we are on the threshold of utilizing them [remote-controlled aircraft] for selected missions." Presumably, McLucas was referring to Southeast Asia, the only place where U.S. planes are currently making strikes. His words only hinted at what the *Armed Forces Journal* calls "the hottest idea" currently being discussed by Pentagon strategists: the creation of a force of flying robots that could ultimately revolutionize aerial and indeed all forms of warfare. Some enthusiastic military thinkers are convinced that robot planes may have even greater impact on strategy than the atomic bomb.

This year the Air Force is spending some \$100 million on studies, development and production of the robot aircraft. Called RPVs (Remotely Piloted Vehicles), they can be used for electronic jamming and intelligence missions,

fighter-bomber, the F-4 Phantom, for example, costs \$3.6 million; an RPV capable of the same missions, according to some experts, probably could be built for about \$250,000 because the plane would not require such expensive features as ejection seats and life-support systems, which are necessary to ensure the pilot's safety. Even landing gear might be eliminated; there are concepts in which RPVs could be launched by mobile catapult or from the wings of larger mother aircraft* and then be hooked in the air by the mother ship and retrieved as they descend under parachutes.

Despite shortcuts in construction, the RPVs should be long on performance. In a demonstration that showed their potential prowess in one-on-one

*It can also be used to relay signals to and from the RPVs, thus extending their range.



Because her story is typical of needy children around the world, we invite you to read our overseas caseworker's report on little Elizabeth (her name is changed to protect her future)...

Name: Elizabeth DASS **Date of birth:** April 12, 1964 **Native place:** Calcutta

Health: Frail, thin, walks with difficulty, protein deprived.

Characteristics: Gentle, quiet, cooperative, speaks clearly and is of good mind. Will be able to learn once health and strength are restored.

Investigation report: Elizabeth's father used to be street cleaner, died from typhus. Her mother is very weak from recent illness (smallpox). Only work available to this woman is in a match factory where she earns two rupees a day (26¢) when she is strong enough to get there and work.

Home conditions: One room bungalow (hovel) occupied by several other persons besides Elizabeth and her mother. House is so small cooking is done on the footpath. Bathing is done at a public tap down the road. Persons living with them in this house are not of good repute, and the mother fears for Elizabeth.

Remarks: Elizabeth will certainly become ill, perhaps will take up thieving, maybe even more terrible ways of living if she is not removed from present home conditions. Her mother is willing for her to go to CCF Nazareth Home and weeps with joy at the hope of her little daughter becoming safe from the wretched life they now have.

Strongest recommendation that Elizabeth be admitted at once.

Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep well at night? I know it would break your heart... and Elizabeth is but one example of thousands of youngsters who desperately need help.

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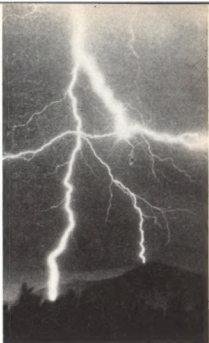
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STORM OVER OREGON TIMBERLAND
 Playing with fire.

the cloud to equalize that potential, becoming visible as a flash of lightning.

The purpose of last week's B-26 mission, part of a six-week test being conducted by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), was to prevent the buildup of electrical potential during a storm, and thus to prevent the occurrence of damaging lightning. Like iron filings near a bar magnet, the 4-in.-long, hair-thin fibers, when released in a thunderhead, align themselves with the lines of force in the electrical field of the cloud. What is more, negative and positive charges build up at opposite ends of the fibers, creating miniature electrical fields and ionizing the air around them. The ionization increases the conductivity of air within the thunderhead and allows electrons to flow from the bottom of the cloud to the top, sharply reducing the electrical potential and thus preventing lightning. In one seeding run by the B-26, for instance, a charge of 300,000 volts per meter in a thunderhead was completely neutralized in only ten minutes.

The NOAA experimenters know that they are playing with fire. Two weeks ago, an unanticipated lightning bolt burned an inch-wide hole in the wing of their plane. But Project Director Heinz Kasemir and his fellow scientists think that the risks are worth taking. Lightning suppression could be used to help prevent fatalities and forest fires, and might even benefit the space program. NASA could eventually employ suppression techniques at storm-prone Cape Kennedy, where lightning bolts have occasionally hit giant Saturn rockets on their pads and once, during a launch, knocked out the electrical system of Apollo 12, threatening the mission with disaster.

Announcing CROW LIGHT. A clean break with the past.

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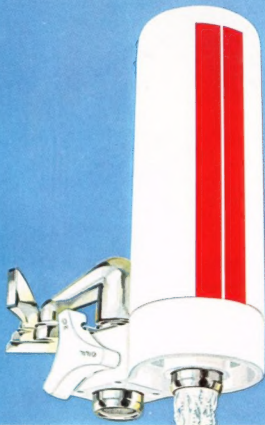
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